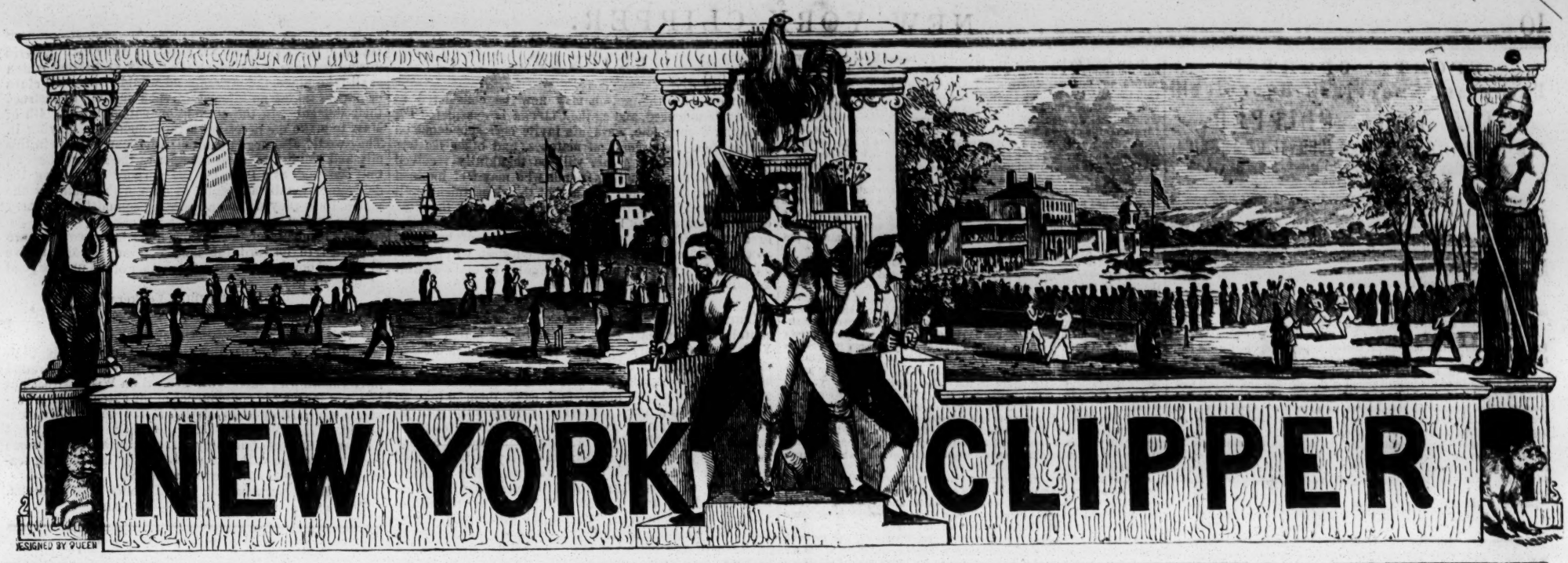


Vol. V.—No. 2. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1857. Four Cents.

THE LIGHTNING ARM;

OR,

THE OLD HAG OF THE FIVE POINTS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY T. HAMILTON VANANDA.

[Author of "Lel Maynard," "The Regalia," "Aline," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

THE first performers were manifestly young in the art, as even Carl could discover, and their round, short build did not strike him as indicative of either great strength or activity. They soon grew tired of the gloves, and were succeeded by Izzy Lazarus, and one of his pupils, who, for ten minutes more developed some new "points" in the science, to the infinite admiration of the audience. Carl was somewhat surprised that a man of Izzy's bulk, could so stand the exercise of the arena, but it was very evident, notwithstanding, that the pupil paid dear for his temerity. This was followed by several other rounds of varied interest, until two men of unusual stature and form appeared, to close the performance.

"The man this way is my tutor," whispered Donnelly, in our hero's ear. "He is called 'The Lighting Arm.'"

Carl surveyed the man who was to be his future master, with a strange admiration. Tall, manly and square, with an open frankness in look and manner, the boxer seemed a counterpart of himself, with the exception of a fuller development of muscle. His opponent was likewise a man of splendid points, and Carl watched the set-to with unusual interest. The principle peculiarity of the tutor was the rapid passes of his right hand, which were given with a velocity and force, which rendered it impossible to stop them.

The performances closed with this round, and a few moments after Carl found himself in the presence of the Lightning Arm. He was introduced by Donnelly, and having engaged to become a pupil, he proposed to adjourn and have oysters at his expense. The proposal was acceded to, and the four were soon regaling themselves at a Broadway saloon, over a *ragout* of those delicious bivalves. Wine was added to the repast, and the four individuals so singularly brought together—Carl Henderson, John Donnelly, Tom Morton, and The Lightning Arm, as we shall call him, were, in an hour, sworn friends.

As it was yet early, Carl expressed a desire to take a stroll on the Five Points, that he might have a glance at the low life of the city. The rest acquiesced, and they directed their steps that way. Carl received sundry cautions as to the manner in which he was to conduct himself, to over-awe the thieves and ruffians, and he proved himself an apt scholar.

For an hour they mingled with the fallen humanity of that quarter, entering low doggeries filled with scarred, ragged negroes, half naked women, with a few ruffians, from whose face the impress of God had long since been stricken, and that of fiend been stamped instead—until Carl sickened at the misery and stench, and proposed to go.

"One more place," said the Lightning Arm, "before we haul up. We are near Tom Wilder's den—the most notorious den of thieves in the city—we will give him a call."

"But is it not dangerous?" said Carl, with the natural caution of his nature.

"Not for me," said the Lightning Arm, carelessly.

"And why not?" asked Carl, somewhat mystified.

"Because," said the other in a low tone—"I'm a shadow of the police! He knows me and dares not harm me!"

This served to re-assure Carl, and having reached the crib, in Cow Bay, an old, dilapidated board house, they entered, but to their disappointment found it deserted.

"The kids are out on a lay," said the Lightning Arm, "we have missed our sport."

But while he was speaking, Carl had found an object not only of interest, but astonishment. Behind the counter enveloped by the shadows of that dimly lighted room, stood a young girl of about sixteen years, whose face struck upon his mind like a vivid dream. It was a familar face, with its wild, sensual beauty, which the haggard cheeks, and bloodshot eyes could neither cloud nor dispel. There was another face more glorious, but precisely similar, came up in his mind, but the comparison seemed sacrilege.

"Your face, girl, seems strangely familiar," he said to the girl, who stood with her loosened hair falling carelessly about her bare shoulders, returning his earnest gaze with a strange expression of intelligence in her eye.

"What is your name?"

"What would Carl Henderson do with my name?" said the girl with a scornful sneer, as she folded her arms across her breast and drew her figure to its utmost hight.

"Good heavens! girl," gasped Carl, "how know you—here in this place—my name? Where have I seen that face? Your name?

"Lademia Triplet!" said the girl with a bitter sneer.

"Can it be!" cried Carl, "then Nan Triplet is—

"My mother!"

Carl staggered against the wall in surprise at the strange and singular meeting, but when he looked again she was gone! [See illustration.]

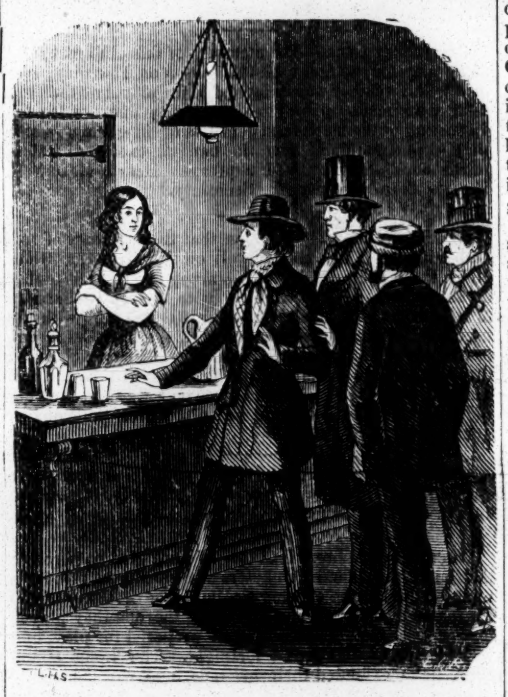
CHAPTER III.

THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

A small door at the back of the room, and behind the shadow of the bar, had served for the sudden egress of Lademia Triplet, whose strange recognition had so bewildered Carl. He stood for a moment astounded and amazed, then rushed forward, as if determined to follow her.

"Stay!" said the Lightning Arm, arresting him. "You must not follow her. You are on dangerous ground, and must be more cautious. I confess there is something mysterious in this, but another time must be taken to solve it. Come! as we go along, you can give us a *cue*, by your explanation."

Carl reluctantly left the house, and as they returned to the haunts of civilization, he explained to his comrades all that he knew of Nan Triplet, which was simply that she had taken up her residence in the village some three years before, none knowing whence she came, or what was her business. He never knew that she had a daughter, and, with the exception of the ominous words



which passed between them on the night previous to his leaving home, he had never spoken to her. Two questions were to be solved:—was Nan Triplet still at the village, and by what means did her daughter identify Carl. He resolved to probe the mystery, as was essentially necessary for his peace of mind. As nothing could be done towards it for the present, however, and it being now quite late, the party broke up, after arranging to meet again the next evening, and Carl retired to his couch, to think and dream over the singular events of the night.

Singular as was the event of Carl's meeting the strange girl, and her inexplicable identification, it might have soon passed from his mind, had it not been for her strange features. Her face was not the face of Nan Triplet, and scarcely a vestige of her features could he trace in the countenance of the girl. But there was another face, the resemblance of which was alarming. That face was his cousin—Alice Henderson's! To be sure, Alice was larger, fuller, more beautiful; but there was the same mould and perfect outline, the same sensualism in lips and eye, the same broad forehead and luxuriant raven hair. The similarity was complete.

But he resolved not to let the adventure wear upon his mind, but to wait the current of events, doubting not that they would bring their own solution of the mystery. At the appointed hour he repaired to the room of the Lightning Arm, on C——— street, to take his first lesson in the art of Self Defense. His tutor seemed glad to see him, and openly manifested the unusal interest he felt for him. When Carl stripped off his coat and vest, too, for the purpose of putting on the gloves, the boxer could not fail to remark the excellent points of his square built form, and his lithe and graceful waist.

"You are the best built man I ever saw," he said, "and if you do not make a great boxer, it is your own fault."

Carl bowed his acknowledgment of the compliment, and at a signal from the Lightning Arm took his position before him. He stood easy and graceful, but nothing could seem more awkward to him, than the ponderous size of the gloves. They cumbered his hands, and came in the way of his eyes. His tutor gave him a few instructions, however, relative to the position of his arms, and after explaining a few of the passes, guards and tricks, they commenced in earnest. Half an hour served to weary Carl amazingly, and at the end of that time, his face felt as if he had been stung in a dozen places by as many bees, and his flesh was at the zenith of its swelling. His arms and wrists, too, were terribly bruised and numb, but a momentary immersion in cold water, slightly diluted with salt and alum, soon restored him to his natural feeling, and to better unanimity with himself.

In that half-hour he had learned the fundamental principles of the science, and he felt that he should ultimately be a champion in his art. His tutor next produced a pair of fencing foils, which he found advantageous in accelerating his motion and practicing his eye, and a few moments after, they were joined by Donnelly and Morton. Carl tried the gloves with each of them, and although vastly the superior of his fellow pupil in physical points, yet he soon found the advantage to be on his side.

"And now," said the Lightning Arm, "if you are all satisfied with the evening's performance, my duties in my other capacity as agent for the police call me in another quarter. I am about to visit one of the principal gambling saloons on Broadway, and should be glad to have you accompany me."

The trio readily agreed, and as it was something new to Carl, his curiosity was at once agog and eager for the adventure. Twenty minutes' walk brought them to the palatial mansion of gilded vice, and having whispered a word of caution in the ear of Carl, the Lightning Arm led the way up the stairs to the gorgeous rooms of the fashionable gambling saloon.

Carl stood back amazed at the gilded show, asnd fahionable splendor of the apartments. The magnificent mirrors, flashing back, with their gilt hangings, the light of chandelier and candelabra, the elegant furniture and costly drapery, with here and there, a touch of Art, in painting and statuary, was to him a dream of a regal drawing room, but not the retreat of the gambler. Carl's ideas of that fraternity, too, savored strongly of country prejudice and puritanical bigotry. He had no idea of one who run the hazard of the card table, without the intrigue of the libertine, and the heartlessness of the highwayman. It was with no little surprise, therefore, that he listened to the Lightning Arm, as he whispered in his ear the names and positions of some of the present guests.

As he looked over the room, and surveyed the players around the several tables, he would have supposed them all professional gamblers, with perhaps an inkling of a victim or two. But when he learned that the pale young man betting against Faro, was the promising young lawyer whose name was so familiar at the bar; that the gray haired veteran, by his side, was the Judge of the —— Court, and that the foppish gentleman at the distant table was the young lion of Wall street,—Carl was suddenly struck with the idea, that gambling, after all, was perhaps not so bad as it seemed, and he was himself "behind the age."

While these reflections were passing through his mind, he imitated the example of his companions in lighting a segar, and drinking of the Burgundy, from the sideboards. They then drew near the center table, where a number of persons were playing at Faro, but one glance around the board, caused Carl to start back in surprise.

On the right side of the table, with his back to the door, sat Gonsalvo, the Spaniard. He was playing a desperate and losing game, and the fire in his dark eyes, and the twitching of his nether lip, betokened both the excitement of drink and play. Carl signaled the Lightning Arm to an opposite side of the room, and said:

"It were probably best for me to retire from here; the Spaniard, Gonsalvo, whom you see playing such a desperate game at yon table, is a suitor for my cousin's hand. His jealous nature has led him to look upon me as his rival, and I've no doubt he would seek a quarrel with me, should he discover me here."

"You seem unfortunate in unlucky *rencontres*, Carl!" said the Lightning Arm, surprised at Carl's revelation. "Yet you are probably right, in this instance, to retire from so dangerous an enemy, as Senor Go— Gonsalvo," with a somewhat abrupt break in his name. "But this is the last time, Carl, that you shall run away from a quarrel; never seek one, but when brought into it, let your bravery bear you out. Come! we will leave together."

But at that moment, Gonsalvo rose from the table, with the air of a desperate man, and turned full round upon the twain who were walking towards the door.

"Stop!" said the Lightning Arm, in a quick, low tone. "It is too late! you must meet him, but he must not know me." And so saying, he turned away and mingled with a group near by, just as the Spaniard's gaze fell upon Carl.

Our hero adopted an expedient of the moment, and assumed a careless gait, looking vaguely about the room, but the Spaniard's eye kindled with a strange light, as he walked boldly up to him and said:

"Eh! Mr. Henderson! I confess you are the last man I expected to find in a gambling saloon? Why you are progressing rapidly! scarce a month from the country, and a full-fledged city-blood already! Well, I like precocity."

Carl saw the sneer and bitter contumely intended by his irony, and the manhood of his heart flew quickly to his tongue. Casting upon the Spaniard a look of mingled contempt and scorn, he said:

"I am purprised that a man as familliar with such places as Senor Gonsalvo, should be astonished at anything; at least, I shall be sorry to be again the cause of disturbing his equanimity."

"Humph! the buffoon has some wit!" muttered the Spaniard with chagrin. "I must blunt it. I confess Mr. Henderson, that the meeting affords me great pleasure. I have some business to settle with you, which it were better to dispatch at once. Will you step into a private room for a few moments?"

As the Spaniard spoke, he assumed an air of chilling politeness, and pointed to a door which led to another room at the back of the apartments. Carl was taken somewhat aback by this proposition, and though he felt no fear, he resolved to act with prudence. He replied, therefore, coldly:

"I know of no business between Senor Gonsalvo and myself, which could demand a private interview, especially at this place."

"You decline then to accompany me?" nervously.

"Most positively, said Carl, firmly.

"I am not mistaken then—Carl Henderson is a coward:"

"Sir!—" But Carl bit his lips, relaxed his frame, and cruched back the anger that chafed him, as he remembered where he was.

"That was a manly effort to look courageous!" said the Spaniard, with a chuckling sneer. "You better strike me; you shall have a most excellent chance!"

"Senor Gonsalvo!" said Carl quickly. "You seem determined that there shall be cause of quarrel between us; what your motives may be, I care not, as I condemn the creature too much to enquire. This, sir, is not the place to give satisfaction, but be assured, sir, that your conduct this evening will not be forgotten!"

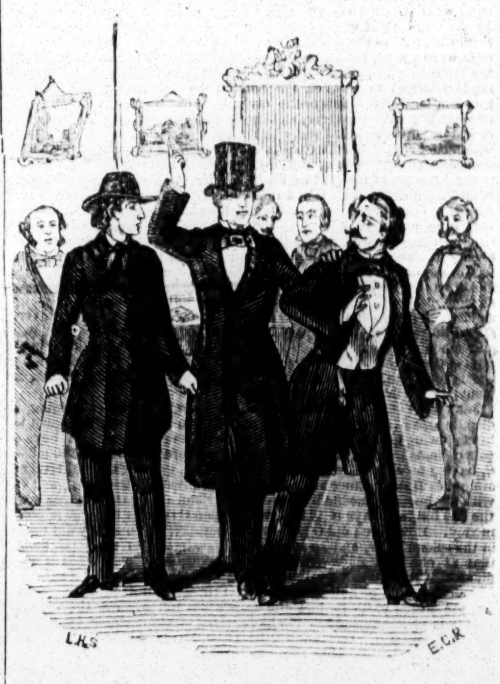
"Not by me, Carl Henderson, most assuredly?" said Gonsalvo, savagely, "I hate you! you are my rival for the hand of your cousin, Alice, and by heaven! one of us must stand out of the way! I now give you fair warning, that I am your deadly foe, and the hand of a Spaniard strikes sure, if it has to strike in the dark!"

"And when it is lifted for the blow, there will be an arm near to arrest it!" said a deep, low voice in his ear, as a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder.

The Spaniard started back, and beheld the tall, manly figure of the Lightning Arm by his side.

"Sacre Christi!" he gasped, trembling from head to foot,—"Brighton!—the dead alive!"

The strange boxer raised his arm and made a silent motion with his finger, which caused the Spaniard to cower like a cur before him, and sneak tremblingly away through the door to which he had beckoned Carl.



Meanwhile the high words between the original parties had first caused the surrounding gamblers to look up from their games, and by the time the Lightning Arm entered the scene, the tables were deserted, and the company had gathered around in the greatest excitement, eager to catch the cause and merits of the quarrel.

The moment, therefore, that the Spaniard had disappeared, Carl felt his arm seized by his tutor, and quickly urged through the crowd to the street door, where they were spedily joined by Donnelly and Morton, who were lost in amazement at what had passed.

"Ask no questions, none of you," said the Lightning Arm. "Let us part here, at once, and silently, to meet to-morrow night at my room! Good night!"

Despite the curiosity of all parties, they were pledged to obey their leader in all things, and without a murmer; they immediately separated, wending their respective ways homeward. Carl's relations with the Spaniard were completely overwhelmed now, by his curiosity to know the former relations that had existed between him and the Lightning Arm. The explanation of Gonsolvo was sufficient to tell him that they had met before, been enemies, and either in mortal combat, or by the assassin's stroke, he had attempted to take the other's life. The rest was mystery.

But our hero was becoming accustomed to mystery and excitement, and like all others, whose curiosity is for a season taxed, his appetite increased with what it fed on. A quiet sleep left him calm the next day, and he would doubtless have entered upon his duties with his usual business dispatch, but on entering the counting-room, a little ill-dressed girl arrested his steps at the door, and asked in a sickly voice:

"Be you Mr. Carl Henderson?"

"Yes, my little girl, what can I do for you?" asked Carl kindly.

"Yer be a letter for you," said the child, as she produced a soiled and crumpled note from beneath her dirty shawl.

"Who gave you this?" asked Carl, puzzled at the mystery of receiving a letter by such a messenger.

"I musn't tell you who giv it to me—that's all!" and before he could arrest her, she started in a run down the street. He broke the seal hastily, and read:

"Mr. Carl Henderson is in danger of losing his life. If he will come down handsomely, he will not only escape the danger, but be revenged on his enemy. If he is willing to bargain, he will be at Tom Wilder's Den—where he has been before—alone, at nine o'clock to-night. Delays are dangerous. A FRIEND."

Carl was doubly mystified at the contents of this letter, but a moment's thought sufficed to settle his course of action.

HOW TO MOVE A SULLEN OX.—The antipathy between cattle and dogs is so universal, that when oxen or steers are sulky, and lie down, as they often do, if a dog is thrown on them, or at them, they will instantly rise and go on, when nothing else will move them.

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Exercise! Exercise!! Exercise!!!

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SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1857.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NIAGARA.—1. "Did Sam Patch ever jump from the falls of Niagara? If so, from what part? 2.—Did any person ever go over the falls, and live afterwards?" In the year 1829, Sam Patch made the leap into Niagara river, from a point in close proximity to the American Fall, from what is called Goat Island, near the Biddle Stairs. The means by which this feat was accomplished, were as follows:—The height from the river to the banks above, is about 97 feet. A ladder or ladders were raised, the bottom resting on the edge of the river, while the top inclined over it. This ladder or ladders being made fast by ropes fastened to trees on the bank, a small platform was erected thereon, on which platform the diver took his position, he then being immediately over the river, and beyond all danger from the great fall of water. Every point from which a view of the diver could be had, was thronged; while the Canada side, which is directly opposite the scene of the exploit, was densely crowded, the immense multitude being attracted to the spot by handbills, freely circulated several days beforehand, announcing that a man was going to jump over the falls. All being ready, Sam, who had taken his place, solitary and alone, on that little platform, bowed to the audience, and saying "One thing can be done as well as another," stepped off, and went down feet foremost. The river, at the spot where he went down, is about fifty feet in depth; but Sam did not probably descend lower than twenty feet. To those who were anxiously watching for his re-appearance, it seemed as though he staid down full five minutes; some gave him up as lost. A gentleman who was holding a watch at the time, however, stated that just half a minute elapsed between the time he went down and when he again made his appearance, amid the mighty thunders of the great fall, and the shouts of the assembled thousands of spectators. Sam soon reached the shore in safety. 2.—No man ever went over the falls, and lived afterward.

JOHN OF YORK.—"In a saloon in the Bowery the other evening, a dispute arose (in which nearly all in the room took part) in regard to the following query, propounded by one of the company:—'B buys a pair of boots from C for $7, and in pay therefore tenders C a $50 bill—C, having no change, takes the bill to a friend, gets it changed, returns and gives B the balance after retaining the price of the boots; and B, with the boots, immediately leaves. C's friend afterwards returns with the $50 bill, and says it is bad, whereupon C returns him $50 in good money. How much did C lose by the operation?' So widely did those in the saloon differ, and so stoutly did they maintain their positions, that at one time they nearly came to blows. At last, when it was found that there was no 'give in' on either side, it was agreed that the question should be submitted to the CLIPPER, and its decision abided by, the losing party to foot the landlord's bill against the crowd. Will you please decide?" We have heard of similar disputes on this identical question. Our answer is that C loses $43 and the boots. This disputed question has about as many lives as a cat. Every now and then it "turns up" as fresh as ever. Washington Market in this city has been convulsed with it several times. A comical scene grew out of this dispute once in New Orleans, about twenty years ago. Some parties having got warm in the argument, they agreed to make their "first appearance on any stage," and "play the cussed thing out." A was the man who wanted the boots. B was the bootmaker. C was the neighbor who changed the $50 bill. The performance came off before a large and discriminating audience, who testified their admiration by screams of delight. One of the parties in the above performance is now a resident of Poughkeepsie in this State, and he tells us that upon another occasion since, in that flourishing place, a Yankee acquaintance who happened to be present was furnished with a bad $50 bill in order to "make the thing complete." The Yankee having put on the boots, and handled his change in good money, played his part to such perfection that he has never been seen in Poughkeepsie since. The bootmaker in that case knows "just dizactly" what he lost.

CHARLEY, Mendota, Minnesota Territory.—"I noticed an article under the 'Correspondents' head in the CLIPPER of March 17, '57, headed 'Bobby Trot,' in which the writer proceeds to relate a circumstance of an Indian (a Chippewa) running one mile at the Falls of St. Anthony, in February, 1848, barefoot, over the ice, in 3 min. 40 sec. Being at present within nine miles of the said Falls, and knowing a number of persons who were here at that time, I made an inquiry into the matter, and have ascertained, first, that the report sent to you is not true; second, that the Chippewa Indians are inferior to the Sioux, or Dakotahs, in point of running, and that the best Sioux runners were not known to have beaten 4:28 in their best days. My informant, known as 'Hal a Dacotah,' is an old resident of this country, a thorough sportsman, and one who knows well what 'time' is. This gentleman, during the fall season last year, killed over 300 ducks, besides other game, going out early of mornings and late in the afternoons. He is a crack shot, and his adventures in the sporting line would undoubtedly be worthy of perusal, should he ever make up a volume for publication. No more at present, except that 4:28 is still in front!" The reception of your letter reminds us that we have omitted to reply to a second communication received from Bobby Trott. It will be remembered that we requested our correspondent to send us the proof in his possession of the Indian's having performed the mile in 3:40. In reply we received a book, containing the written diary of one of a company located at St. Anthony's Falls. In this diary we find a record of the Indian's performance, but nothing further. It is very likely that in taking the time, the writer has made a mistake of one minute, which would even then make the time remarkably quick, viz., 4:40. Charley will please accept our thanks for his letters, and the information they contain. The bear hunt will appear in our next. Papers forwarded as directed.

M. J. ROSELL, Brasher Falls.—"I noticed an article in the CLIPPER of April 18, stating that certain persons had been humbugged by me, in sending for Recipes, which had been advertised in your paper. In reply, I would state that I never made a statement through the CLIPPER, or any other journal, that I am not prepared to carry out to the very letter—that I have now on hand five letters, containing money for recipes, which I cannot answer because the writers have omitted to specify to what places the recipes are to be sent—omitting in some cases to mention the name of their Post Office; in two cases no county or State is mentioned, and in one case the person did not sign his name! In all such instances, all I can do is to file away their letters and wait for further orders more explicit. I never humbugged anybody, and am anxious to send on the 'documents' to all who have sent money to me, and would refer to D. C. Chandler, the Postmaster at Brasher Falls, to all persons who have doubts of my honesty." Enough said, friend Rosell—those correspondents who complained will now see where the fault lies.

J. M., North Attleboro.—"A, B, C, and D, are playing a game of All Fours—A and C are partners, as likewise are C and D. A and B make 6 points on two hands; the third hand is dealt by A, and C, the opposite partner, stands his hand; spades is the trump; C leads a club, the other two follow suit, but when the play comes as far as A, he puts on the deuce of spades, and calls out, having made 7 points, which constitutes the game. The opposite party holds the ace, and claims one point, but has not played it before or after A and B claimed out; now the question is this, does the ace and deuce or jack count before made, and was the above mentioned game, generally speaking, a skunk?—there is a sum of money at stake which your decision will award to those on the right side of the question." 1. The party holding the ace, whether played or not, counts first. Low cannot be counted until after high. 2. We know of no preparation that will answer the purpose effectually. 3. Direct a letter to T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia, who will probably procure you a copy, if it is in print.

G. L., Toronto, C. W.—1. The prize fight between Hyer and Sullivan was the result of a quarrel, a bad feeling having existed between the parties, and their respective adherents, for some time previous to making the match. Meeting together in a Broadway saloon, on one occasion, from words the two men, Hyer and Sullivan, came to blows, and Sullivan was worsted. In a few days Sullivan published a card in the papers of the day, stating that he was taken at a disadvantage, &c., and challenging Hyer to a regular prize battle. Hyer immediately responded, and accepted the challenge, and the match was soon after made. 2. We believe Sullivan did his best to win the battle, but his opponent possessed so many advantages in height, weight, reach, &c., that he was compelled to acknowledge, when too late, that he had overmatched himself. 3. Sullivan did not sell the fight, you may rest assured of that—he was fairly beaten, and not only lost the battle, but all he was worth, for he had wagered almost the last dollar he possessed on the result, feeling perfectly confident until he entered the ring that he would be the winner.

GEO. W. HENDERSON, Norristown, Pa.—"1. Please decide a bet by stating whether there were any U. S. Troops ordered to Philadelphia at the time of the Philadelphia riots. 2. A gives his check to B's order, and B loses said check; C finds the check and endorses it and gets the money; who loses?" 1. A detachment of volunteers and boarders from the U. S. steamer Princeton was ordered to the scene of disturbance; and, if our memory serves us right, they took up their quarters in the Girard Bank building, in Third street. It is also our impression that Ringgold's Flying Artillery received orders to repair to Philadelphia. 2. The bank or bankers paying the check, or any other party taking the same, are the losers, as the endorsement is a forgery.

HARRY, Brooklyn.—On questions of this kind we can only give an opinion. We know of no bone player or banjo player equal to G. Swayne Buckley. In eccentric or burlesque dancing, Dan Bryant and John Diamond are, in our opinion, in the first rank; and in straight jigs, Mickey Warren holds a high position. Of trotting horses, some are good at one mile, others at two miles, and so on. At what distance do you mean?

GOGGINS, Philad'a.—*All Fours.*—"Permit me to submit the following case, and ask for your decision. In a game of three-handed All Fours, played April 25, the following occurred:—A, B, and C playing; a dealt the cards; and, after the hands had been played, in counting for game we each counted *ten*. B and C declared that A had no right to count, as he was dealer; A thought differently, and it was decided to write you for your opinion." Of course the dealer has a right to count for game, and score a point if he overreaches his opponents; but in case of a tie the non-dealer is entitled to the point.

C. W. S.—"In the late race between the stallions Grey Messenger and Wm. Tell, it is said that the former appeared on the track with a bandage on one of his legs, and that in consequence thereof the betting was largely in favor of Tell; and yet Messenger seems to have won with apparent ease. What is your opinion in regard to this affair?" To an outsider, the affair would seem to wear an air of mystery, but frequenters of the turf know in what light to look upon such matters.

MASTIFF, Pittsburgh.—To rid your dog of fleas, try Scotch snuff steeped in gin; about a teaspoonful of snuff to a gallon of gin. This must be used with great care, however, and washed clean afterwards, as the cure, if overdone, is a deadly poison.

DECATUR, Philad'a.—"If, in cricket, the ball should touch any part of the striker's body, bound off, and be caught by a fielder, does that put him out?" No. The striker is out if the ball be caught from a stroke of the bat or hand, but *not* the wrist or any other part of the body.

D. C. B., Washington City, D. C.—Walker's Manly Exercises will give you all the information on the subject that you can desire. We have not room in this department to enlarge upon the subject as its importance demands, and for that reason recommend to your careful consideration the work in question.

S. A. H.—We cannot point you the route by land, never having travelled that way. Rye is distant from this city about 26 miles—you can therefore judge whether your team is able to go there and return the same day.

W. H. S, London, C. W.—We know of no cure for the jerks in a young dog—they are one of the results of distemper. If the dog jerks badly, he had better be destroyed at once.

M. R. R.—The match is off, Lazarus receiving $10 for the trouble he had been put to. Horrigan is now in Buffalo, and a fresh match is talked of. Will apprise you of the spot.

J. S. C., Philad'a.—If not too much trouble, can you not send us a longer article on the subject, giving the work in question the customary credit, &c.?

SYMPATHIZER.—We presume you noticed an answer to a question similar to yours in our last. We have written to Philadelphia for information concerning West, and as soon as received your question will be answered.

BILL G——N, Newburgh.—1. We have always understood that he was born in this city. 2. We cannot say what his father's business was.

F. H. H., Boston.—When you come to New York you shall have "swi lager and Switzer cheese." The Hotel de H—— is now numbered among the things that were.

T. S., Nashua.—In answer to this correspondent, Wallace Ferguson requests us to state that he was born in Albany, on the 18th of July, 1825.

JUSTICE.—Your favor misses the mark. We are not aware of having said one word against the talents of Edwin Booth; but, on the contrary, many a line and paragraph in his favor.

G. S., Toronto, C. W.—As soon as we can procure a treatise on this subject, we will publish it.

CHARLES LANCASTER.—We have been unable to ascertain when the Iron Witch was launched.

GENERAL.—Miss Kate Denin still lives, but where she is at present we cannot say.

TIGER, Baltimore.—All right. Give us the facts, and we will trim them up in ship-shape order.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis.—We learn from a gentleman who at one time acted as agent for the lady, that Lola Montez was born in Scotland.

FANCY, Bridgeport.—In our next.

MAC, Albany.—We have no knowledge of the dogs named.

H. WILSON.—Your six does not count in a sequence.

J. H. N. Y.—Will give your's in our next week's issue.

ROVER BOY, Milwaukie.—Thank you.

SUBSCRIBER, Philad'a.—We can furnish all but two or three numbers.

UNION, Cincinnati.—We cannot send you all of the numbers.

SAMOSET, Holyoke, Mass.—Will make inquiry.

THE FIGHTING EDITOR.—Mrs. McMahon says, Dana, of the *Tribune*, has been practicing the manly art of self-defense upon her. There must be some mistake here, good madame, for Horace Greeley is the fighting editor of the *Tribune*. Dana knows not half so much about the noble art of self defence as does the amiable Mrs. McMahon herself. Its Horace, madame, its Horace. Pitch into him.

SPORTS OF THE COLLEGIANS.—In another part of our paper will be found a report of the number of boats and boat clubs in Cambridge. Our friends have made rapid progress in these matters within the past year or two, and we hope their example will be followed by collegians generally.

RULES OF BASE BALL.—In this week's issue, we publish complete, the rules for governing the game of Base Ball, as lately revised, improved and corrected by a convention of Base Ball clubs.

HOOPS! HOOPS!!—These innovations upon the "rights of man" are rapidly extending the wide world over. "Our sufferings *is* intolerable." Will there never be an end to the hoops?

THE PARADE OF OUR TARGET COMPANIES did not quite come up to public expectations. Therefore, the less we say about it the better.

DANCING MATCH.—The projected dancing match between Mr. Kershaw, of West Philadelphia, and Wm. H. Hansen, of Lawrence, Mass., will soon come to a climax. The following letter was received on Friday:

LAWRENCE, April 27, 1857.

MR. FRANK QUEEN—*Sir*: I am not a little surprised that your last week's CLIPPER contains no communication from Mathew Kershaw, of Philadelphia, concerning our dancing match, for which you are stakeholder. I offered to dance in private or in public, and gave Mr. Kershaw the privilege to name time and place. I said that the wager should not be less than $200 a side; but if it will accommodate him, I am willing to make it for $100 a side, which sum (on his part) is already in your possession. Let him state the sum he wants to dance for, send a copy of Articles, and I will forward my balance of the amount. It appears to me that however well he may shuffle his steps, he is equally well adapted to shuffle in other respects. Let us have fair and impartial Chalkers and Musicians, and I intend to show that I am the first scientific dancer in the United States, and second to none in any other country. WM. H. HANSEN, Lawrence, Mass.

The day previous to the reception of this letter we received another from Mr. Kershaw, with an additional stake of $150, making $250 deposited by Mr. K. He states that he has experienced some difficulty in procuring a suitable room, which will account for the delay on his part. As to articles, Mr. K. thinks enough has been said in regard to the terms, &c., of dancing, in the correspondence that has passed between the gentlemen. Our opinion, however, is, that regular articles should be duly signed by both parties. Mr. K. says that he proposes to have the match decided in Samsom-street Hall, on the 11th of May. To make all things straight, Mr. K. had better address a letter to Mr. Hansen, at once. We have received for this match $300 in all—$250 from Mr. Kershaw, and $50 from Mr. Hanson.

CRICKET.

NOTICE.—As the season may now be considered as having commenced, and as the CLIPPER is considered the cricketer's chronicle, we again invite correspondence on the subject. All scores of matches, and other matters connected with the game, will be thankfully received from any of our cricketing friends who may feel inclined to favor us. Our chief aim is that this department shall be conducted in a systematic manner, so that at the close of the season we may be enabled to arrive with same degree of precision, at the correct averages of batsmen, bowlers, &c., which is the only method that will give us an idea of the progress made in the game by clubs as well as individuals.

CRICKETERS GOSSIP.—The announcement or proposition contained in our last issue relative to the match "New York vs. The United States," has, as we predicted, created an immense *furore* in cricketing circles. The effect cannot help but be beneficial; it will tend to bring this noble game more before the public, and cause them to take an interest in it to a much greater extent than hitherto. In our opinion, no match since the introduction of the game on this continent, has been, or, will be, so popular as this, for the very fact of the selection of players being made from different States will cause a vast migration of Cricketers from all parts of the Union to the scene of the contest, Hoboken; and if that is followed by the match "English vs. American," during the same week, the interest will be still more enlivened, and we may expect to have one of the finest treats in the exhibition of cricket that was ever witnessed in America. We hope, therefore, that the call for the meeting to take place on Monday next, the 4th inst., at the Astor House will meet with a hearty and unanimous response, so that the project may be carried through in a manner creditable to the high character which is generally attached to the cricketing fraternity.

CHICAGO CLUB.—At the spring meeting of this club, the following named gentlemen were elected as officers for the ensuing season:—President, E. K. Bebbington; Vice President, J. Odes; Treasurer, R. Slater; Assistant Secretary, G. Howard. The gentlemanly Secretary says, that they have received a commmunication from the N. Y. City Clubs, in reference to the great match, and that it has caused much excitement there, also, that they are in fine trim, and anxiously awaiting the coming season.

PAWTUCKET CLUB.—The members of this club met for a day's play for the first time this season on Thursday, 16th inst. The weather was unfavorable for play, but that was more than made up by the opportunity afforded for the discussing of the merits and demerits of the game of which they were champions, over the banquet-table; at which, mirth and jollity reigned supreme. Henry McDowell, Esq., is their corresponding Secretary.

NEW YORK CLUB.—We hope that the members of this club will not fail to muster well on Monday, the 4th of May, their opening day. We are pleased to hear that arrangements have been made with Messrs. Richardson & Hayter, of 84 Wall street, to furnish this club with the necessary refreshments on match days, a great desideratum, as cricket and hunger are quite antagonistic to each other. The second eleven match with Yonkers will be the first played by them; it will take place on Saturday, the 16th of May, should that date be suitable for the Yonkers gentlemen.

THE ST. GEORGE CLUB, have not yet settled upon their opening day. We may be enabled, probably, to give the date in our next issue.

CRICKETING ON LONG ISLAND.—We are glad to perceive that our Long Island Cricketers are getting in readiness to enter the list the ensuing season. The Brooklyn Club have leased a new ground adjoining the one they played on last season. It has been well prepared for play, and will be ready in about a fortnight. The Long Island Club have extended their grounds, and will commence play on Tuesday, the 5th of May. They have made desirable additions to their numbers, and are fully prepared to distinguish themselves this season. A new club has been organised, viz: the United Cricket Club of Kings County—rather a long name—they will play on the grounds of the Brooklyn Club. The latter club will muster very strong this season, and will try the mettle of any club they may be opposed to. The three clubs ought to have "fraternised" in regard to a ground, and by thus combining have made a handsome ground and employed a practice bowler, &c. They will probably do so next season. Matches are on the tapis between the above clubs and the New Brighton, Manhattanville, Mechanic's of Newark, Yonkers, and the second eleven of the New York and St. Georges Clubs. The three clubs number over one hundred and fifty members. A strong eleven might be selected from them to play the New York or St. Georges clubs. Long Island vs. New York. *Nous verrons.*

CRICKET IN ENGLAND.—As anything pertaining to the coming contest between the two great elevens of England will be read with interest, we make the following extract from Bell's Life relative thereto:—The match for Dean's benefit is exciting—as well as the one on Whit-Monday for the Cricketers' Fund—immense interest; and we may here allude to the fact that the two Elevens will meet on the *most friendly terms.* In addition to these two events at Lord's, they have combined to *play the strength* of North and South at Tunbridge Wells; and further, we know that should at any time either of the Elevens lose any important member, in consequence of a county match being played on the same days, they will assist each other, in order to make up the deficiency. This therefore, is evidently a proof that "bygones are bygones." A good wicket and fine weather on the occasions of these two great events will bring together as fine a display of cricket and spectators as have not for years been witnessed.

UNION CRICKET CLUB, N. Y.—With pleasure we insert the score of a match played at Hoboken by members of this club, as it will tend to bring to light some promising young cricketers before unheard of. It will also prove interesting on account of their connection with the Free Academy. The sides were designated respectively, Reynold's and Totten's, the former side being the victors, which was caused in a measure by the strong wind blowing during Reynold's second innings, which proved very detrimental to good bowling. [We shall feel obliged to these gentlemen if they will give us notice of their matches to take place, so that we may be there to see, as it affords us much pleasure to help along young clubs and young players.—ED. CLIP.]

REYNOLDS' SIDE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..Scott b Church	2	c Church b Totten	22
2..Reynolds hit wicket	4	b Church	0
3..Brown not out	1	run out	15
4..Gray b Church	0	not out	2
Total	7	Total	39

TOTTEN'S SIDE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..Church b Scott	12	not out	7
2..Totten b Brown	4	b Scott	0
3..Jackson b Brown	0	b Scott	2
4..Hustace not out	0	b Brown	1
Total	16	Total	10

ELEVEN ENGLISH VS. EIGHTEEN AMERICAN.—New York, April 24, 1857. As it has been proposed to play the match, "Eleven English vs. Eighteen American" players during the same week which the "City vs. States" match shall take place, the undersigned would request all clubs or parties taking an interest in such match, to instruct their delegates to the convention called for the 4th of May, to make the necessary arrangements for playing it. They would also urge upon the American players in this city and vicinity to meet together at the Astor House on that occasion, at 6 P.M., for the purpose of meeting the delegates from distant clubs, to discuss the time for the match to be played, and appointing committees to carry out the project.

The Presidents of the various clubs in the country are requested to forward the names of any strong native players whom they may know, to either of the undersigned at an early day.

J. H. STEDWELL, Yonkers, N. Y.
H. SHARP, 216, Sixth Ave., N. Y. City.

CRICKET IN GERMANTOWN.—The Germantown Club opened their season on the 25th, by playing on a ground in Germantown; their own ground on Wister-street not being fit for play in consequence of the extensive improvements which they had undertaken not being fully completed. The Messrs. Wisters, Tucker, Newhall, and Bernardo, showed fine play. It is expected that some exciting matches will take place during the playing season, of which you shall have due notice.

Philadelphia, April 26, 1857. Yours, A SUBSCRIBER.

That's right, send them along.—ED. CLIP.

PEDESTRIANISM.

MRS. BENTLEY'S THIRTY HOUR MATCH.—In our last we stated that Mrs. Bentley has arrived in town, and would perform a pedestrian feat in a few days, but her agent not furnishing the information, we were unable to say where. It was announced in one or two of the morning papers, at the close of last week, that the female pedestrian would perform the laborious feat of walking *thirty consecutive hours*, without rest, at the Broadway Tabernacle, commencing at 4 o'clock, Monday evening, April 27th, and closing at 10 o'clock Tuesday evening, the 28th. She commenced the feat at the appointed time, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Post, of Ohio, her attendants, and walked through the night, and up to our present writing—late Tuesday afternoon. She is, however, greatly fatigued, and illustrates the peculiar and manifest effect upon exhausted nature, by outward circumstances, such as the enlivening music of the band, the cheerful conversation of friends, and other seductive influences. We have but little doubt but that she will succeed in completing the thirty hours, as she is a woman of proverbial fortitude and untiring energy.

This is the *twentieth* time that Mrs. Bentley has performed this feat, seventeen of which have been performed in the last year. She is now, however, in an advanced stage of consumption, and has manifested distressing signs of physical weakness and depression. Mrs. Bentley was originally a vocalist, well known on the Western "boards," but in consequence of a serious throat affection was compelled to resign that profession, and, for the maintenance of herself and three children, adopted that of the pedestrian. While we regret that her sanguine feelings have prompted her to undertake so severe a task in her present prostrate condition, yet the promptings of a mother's heart are above censure, and we wish her success for the nonce, though we should be sorry to hear of another effort, unless she should be resuscitated from her present illness. We regret, for the sake of the cause, that she is not better patronized, the attendance on Tuesday being rather small and discouraging, probably from the fact of the affair being little known. It is a species of amusement for a knowledge of which the people only look to the sporting journals, and these were comparatively left in the dark.

MATCH BETWEEN THE LYNN BUCK AND THE SHOOTING STAR.—Lynn, April 27th, 1857:—In regard to the challenge I received from Wm. Hendley, the Shooting Star, in last week's CLIPPER, stating that he would run me a 5-mile foot race over the Lawrence Race Track, for fifty dollars a side, I would state that I met Wm. Hendley at the place appointed, and we agreed to increase the stakes to $100 a side, and the champion belt of New England, the race to be run over the Lawrence Race Track, on Friday, the 15th May, 1857. In reference to my race with Mr. Murch, I was the winner. If Mr. Murch won the race, why did not the judges decide in his favor? I am open to run Mr. Murch again, for any amount he pleases, for from 3 to 10 miles, over any track in the Union. Yours truly, P. BUCKLEY, alias Lynn Buck.

SPRINT RACE.—A foot race came off in Toronto, on Good Friday afternoon, between Billy Noble and Tom Quin, in the College Avenue, for $20 a side, the distance run being 100 yards. It was a well contested match throughout, the time being 13 seconds. There was a large number of spectators present, and considerable money changed hands, the betting being in favor of Quin, but the knowing ones were at fault this time, Noble coming in about 1½ yards ahead, amid the cheers of the spectators. The money was immediately given to the winner.

TWO FIREMEN AT IT.—Sunday the 19th of April was a gay day in New Orleans, on the Union Course, if the horses did not run. John Kingman, the "Fleet Fireman" of the third district, and Willian O. C. Donnell, another fireman of the first district, ran a mile for $250 a side. Kingman was the favorite in the betting, but Donnell beat him about twenty yards, and ran his mile in 5:11.

ARREST OF JOHN STETSON.—Officer Burcham, of Charlestown, Mass., arrested this famous pedestrian last Saturday, on a warrant charging him with shooting at Mr. Barker, in an affray at the City Hotel in Charlestown, as stated by us last week. Mr. Stetson had just returned from New York, where he had been on a visit to some friends. The case will have a hearing on Saturday, May 2d.

YOUNG SPORT called at our office on the 24th, to make a match with Amos Sanders, but the latter did not put in an appearance. He does not care to try his speed with Young Sport.

CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE BOAT CLUBS.—Milwaukee, April 20th, 1857.—FRIEND QUEEN,—In reading your last week's CLIPPER, I noticed an account of the proposed Regatta in Chicago, on the 4th of July, and that you would like to hear from Milwaukee. I cannot say positively, whether there will be any crew to go from here or not; but I think there will be, at least, one: Mr. Brooks talks of building a new boat to take there, and if he does, the Chicago Clubs will have to have better men than they had here last fall. The Champion (Wenona) Crew are talking about having a new boat built in New York to take part in the Chicago regatta. ROVER BOY.

CRIBBAGE.—*Ed. Clip.*: It appears that our friend of the Pittsburgh House is not satisfied with the loss of both games of cribbage lately played against the New England Club of six. He has been vaunting about a big challenge which was to appear in last week's CLIPPER. Not having shown his hand, according to his word, we shall be glad to meet him on his own terms. He said he should challenge the whole six of my side to play them himself for a supper for a dozen. This we should have no objection to, only it would be too much one-sided, he having only won one game in the last two matches. If he can make up another six, we will play him for suppers and wine, game and return, one at his own house and the other at Thomas Ward's Old House at Home, 46 Dock-street. This challenge is offered in all friendship and fairness, with a wish for a fair field and good temper, whoever may win or lose. ALFRED HILL,
Philadelphia, April 27, '57. New England House.

THE RING.

PRIZE FIGHT IN IOWA.

A week or two since we announced that a prize fight had taken place in Iowa, between two pugilists, named Lusk and Fargo. We now find full particulars of the battle in the Burlington (Iowa) *State Gazette*, of the 2d April, for which we are indebted to Mr. N. N. Griffith, of Des-moines, Iowa.

FIGHT BETWEEN LUSK AND FARGO, FOR $250 A SIDE,

On O'Connel Island, near Burlington.

This long-expected "set-to" came off on Wednesday last. As a precaution against magisterial influence, the precise field of enactment was not definitely known, except to those immediately concerned, and their friends, though it was pretty well understood among the fancy on Tuesday afternoon that a spot of level ground on the Illinois shore, 150 yards above the freight house of the Chicago and Burlington Railroad, had been selected for the "sport." Though it had rained the day previous and the morning was stormy and decidedly unpleasant, the clouds soon began to clear away, and by the middle of the forenoon the sun shone forth bright and beautiful. As early as 7 o'clock crowds were seen flocking to the ferry-boat, and on reaching the opposite side of the river were joined by large delegations from that side.

At 10 o'clock, however, from the large crowd present, it became apparent to the combatants and their friends that they had made a bad selection of ground, and that they had every reason to apprehend being pounced upon by officers before the contest could be decided; consequently, a consultation of the seconds and others immediately interested was held, when it was determined that the parties should leave the ground secretly and repair to O'Connel Island, which was entirely private and not accessible except by boats. In accordance with this decision, at 20 minutes past 10 o'clock the combatants with their seconds embarked in small boats and rowed for the island. Subsequently to their leaving, the fact was communicated to a number of the friends of both parties, who, profiting by the information, immediately recrossed the river, and procuring a number of small boats, started without delay for the island. We were so fortunate as to procure a seat in one of them and were landed on the island after a half hour of hard rowing. On landing we discovered that the spot selected for the fight was on the east side of the island some 300 or 400 yards from the foot. There were only from 60 to 75 spectators present. The ground appeared to be peculiarly unfit to the business in hand, as the surface of the island, at the spot selected, is covered with rank dry weeds, stunted shrubbery and drift-wood, with a soil of loose, shifting sand.

Several persons were actively engaged in clearing and preparing the ground when we arrived. At 20 minutes past 2, everything being ready, the men commenced to peel. Five minutes afterwards the gladiators entered the ring and confronted each other, stripped to the buff above the middle, while their nether array consisted of the professional corduroys and hose. Fargo was the first to enter; his tile had been previously cast in by his second, E. D——, and Lusk's hat followed by the hands of J. P——. Previous to confronting each other, Fargo nailed his colors to one of the stakes, and E. D——, his second, addressing himself to those present, said that his principal wanted nothing but "a fair and honest thing."

THE MEN.

Fargo looked in prime condition. His flesh was clear, his manner gay and his air confident. He was the very picture of a pugilist; quick, bright eye, round, deep in the chest, clean limbed, and possessed altogether of a frame which gives indications of remarkable activity and strength.

Lusk did not wear the same appearance of gaiety and confidence. He entered the ring with a half careless, half reluctant swagger, which showed that he was not perfectly at ease, and to our mind his hat did not follow his opponent's quick enough in answer to the customary challenge. He is taller than Fargo by an inch, but not so faultlessly cut out. His chest is not so well developed or head so well set.

The parties advanced smilingly, and cordially shook hands with each other.

THE FIGHT.

Lusk won the flip for the choice of position, and stationed himself on the south side of the ring with the sun on his back. He was attended by J. P——; Fargo was waited upon by E. D——. Both wore blue belts, spotted with white.

Round 1. Time was called and both came cheerfully up to the scratch. They shook hands again slightly, Lusk very cautiously, as if fearful of a rough return for his politeness, and then squared for the combat. The rude murmurs of the crowd were at once hushed as death. Not a breath was heard. The primeval silence of that solitary spot was never more profound. In the centre of the ring stood the combatants; two bold men; confronting each other in full position, with momentary awe, and gathering their energies for the terrific struggle. Directly behind stood the second of each, their forms slightly bent, and their arms unconsciously outstretched and watching every movement of the principals with feverish anxiety. The whole formed such a picture as one may seldom see. At length Fargo broke the spell and almost imperceptibly advanced. He is an old general, and knows the advantage of fighting in the enemy's country. Lusk cautiously retreated, and in answer to a feint showed his wariness by a start as rapid as electricity. At length Fargo edged him out of his advantage of the sun, and getting it full in Lusk's eyes, let drive a straightforward blow, which took effect under the left ogle. Lusk countered at the same time and caught his opponent on the cheek bone; then followed two or three rapid exchanges, after which Lusk rushed in, and at the end of a short struggle, Fargo threw him handsomely and fell on him.

"Then rang from earth to sky one wild hurrah!"

mingled with clapping of hands and various other expressions of wild applause. Lusk rose smilingly and went to his corner, with a slight discoloration under the eye, upon which some of Fargo's friends shrieked out a claim to the "first blood."

2. Both came merrily up, their glossy skins unsullied by the previous scuffle. Fargo, who had now "felt" his man, determined on sharp fighting. He went right to work, got in a sharp body blow and stopped a wicked return. Lusk rallied, closed and pressed him to the ropes; then ensued a short violent struggle, which ended in both flying through the ropes and falling hard, nearly side by side. Lusk rose and returned to the ring, while Fargo lay with his eyes closed and apparently insensible. He was lifted and carried to his corner with his head drooping languidly, and even while undergoing sponging, &c., betrayed no sign of consciousness—a deep finesse. Many who did not know where to have him, cried out, "Ah, ha! he'll never come to time!"

3. When "time" was called, Fargo slowly rose and walked heavily to the mark; but when there and confronted with his enemy, as quick as light, he "cast his nighted color off," and stood the very incarnation of the spirit of mischief. He led off amid cries of "Ony luk at the devil!" from some admiring Patlanders, and caught Lusk a sharp blow on the eye; a rally—rapid exchanges, and some brisk in-fighting followed, which ended in Lusk being pressed to the ropes, where Fargo, with his arm round his neck, fibbed him severely—they then broke, and after some languid sparring, both made a mutual hit, Lusk catching it in the shape of a tremendons repeater on the eye, and Fargo taking it on the cheek. This blow seemed to have a stupefying effect on both. Fargo turned his back and walked slowly away, and Lusk stood still with his arm by his side. Had Lusk followed, a single well-directed blow would have broken his opponent's neck. As it was, when Fargo had got about eight feet away, he suddenly bethought himself, turned, saw the condition of his man, and ran up and put it to him right and left. Lusk rallied, closed, and was thrown heavily. The odds, which at the commencement of the fight had been two to one, now changed to three to one on Fargo.

4. Johnny opened the ball with a well-meant right-hander, but was stopped, and stopped one himself in return. He then got in a heavy body blow, which carried his man away three or four feet. Fargo came back, wickedly pursing his mouth, and, letting fly with his left hand, caught his man under the left eye, drawing blood this time, *sure*. A clinch, and Lusk down.

5. Fargo first at it, made Lusk take a brisk circuit to his corner, and when there planted his left handsomely. Lusk rushed hotly in, pressed him to the ropes, and by a powerful exertion threw him outside; oth down.

6. Lusk a *leetle* excited, commenced warmly, and went in right and left, amid the acclamations of the crowd, keeping Fargo busy stopping, and affording no chance for a return. At last Fargo rallied, but it was no go; Johnny forced him back, got in a sounding body blow, and pressed him to the ropes in a close. Here Lusk, for some unaccountable reason, released Fargo from his disadvantage, and turned away. He had no sooner exposed his side, however, than Fargo, ever ready for a chance, let drive and caught him on the ear. Lusk wheeled around and hit short, when he caught it again. A clinch followed, and Fargo threw him in superb style.

7. Lusk came up with his countenance somewhat "chafed;" the upper part of his dial was quite *eye*-rascible, his nose inflamed, his lip cushioned, and the war-paint trickling (though scantily) down his chin. This was Fargo's round all through. Lusk down.

8. Fargo had it all his own way again until Lusk rushed in and threw him.

9. Fargo led hotly off, menacing mischief; Johnny abruptly retreated, and, in an attempted rally from the ropes, slipped and fell.

10. Beautiful fighting! Fargo got in some sounders, which were followed by rapid and heavy exchanges. Fargo then fibbed him to the ropes, and by a splendid hit, drove him through, clean.

11. Lusk's ogles in bad bread, and his nose bleeding freely. He led off, got in a heavy hit, staved off a sharp rally, clinched, and received a heavy throw.

12. Lusk, with his left ogle nearly closed, and in solemn black, went in well, pressed Fargo, who cautiously sparred away, but who could not stop the visitation of three or four good blows. Fargo rallied, got in a terrific blow on the eye, and then rushed in; both down.

13. Both of Lusk's peepers nearly closed. Fargo led off, but was stopped; a rally; a close; a fierce struggle at the ropes, which ended by Johnny throwing his man over.

14. Smart exchanges. Lusk hitting beautifully right and left, and Fargo on the retreat; a wild rush and close by Lusk, who caught his man in his arms and tried to heave him over again; no go; Fargo seized the rope, and locked him fast; they were then taken off and carried to their corners, amid loud applause for Lusk.

15. All Fargo's. Lusk down.

16. Lusk came up slow and shy; Fargo planted his warlike mawley on Johnny's snuff-box, on which Johnny closed, and was heavily thrown.

17. A rally—a clinch; a short struggle at the ropes, and an equal fall over them.

18. Ineffective exchanges; considerable pantomiming, but nothing done; a clinch and Lusk down.

19. Johnny led off, but was stopped, and caught a return upon his gory nose; smart exchanges; close and struggle at the ropes; Fargo ending it by throwing him beautifully over.

20. It was now apparent to every one, as indeed it had been several rounds before, that Lusk could not successfully contend against his experienced adversary. Fargo came up smiling, and apparently fresh, while Lusk was dreadfully punished, wavering and unsteady. Fargo let fly with his left with terrific effect, completely distracting his enemy, who managed, however, on a rally, to get in two or three good but light returns. A clinch, and Lusk heavily thrown.

21. Lusk came up groggy, and scarcely able to see; caught it all over, and in a close was badly thrown.

22. Lusk failing fast; caught it severely right and left, and went down hopelessly with a stunning blow.

23. Lusk gone; Fargo put in three severe cuts, and Lusk went heavily to the ground. Cries of "He's gone! he's gone!" "Take him out!"

24. On "time" being called, Lusk could not come, and Fargo still fresh, and scarcely hurt, stepped up and claimed the fight, after a contest of 38 minutes.

REMARKS.

The fight was done—Lusk could not come in again. The seconds immediately unroped the ring and commenced making preparations for leaving the island. At 20 minutes past 3 o'clock all were on board the boats, and in a short time thereafter were landed at the mouth of "Flint Slough," a short distance south of the old still house, from which point they returned to the city by different routes.

Although there was some handsome fighting in the above contest, it cannot be called a good fight. Fargo's qualities and admirable generalship made it too much on one side. He is a *fighting* man in the true and full sense of the word—light in the scale, and heavy in the field; strong, agile, quick, cunning, capable, a perfect master of his science, and, if the expression may be used, an intelligent fighter; for he is continually fighting in his head, and calculating the chances and results of every manœuvre. Lusk committed many errors. His first and most gross blunder was in giving his antagonist *the whole ring*. Instead of fighting on his opponent's ground, and having a clear field to retreat, if necessary, he took a retreating position from the start, suffered himself to be driven in the face of the sun, and forced into a corner on the defensive, in momentary danger of being pressed on the ropes, and thus crippled, "cabined, cribbed, confined," by his own folly. Had he presented a determined front, and insisted on a forward movement, he would have kept the sun, retained possession of his ground, changed Fargo's confidence into caution, and made the fight a longer and better, if not a more successful one. Lusk, though a beautiful sparrer, is not a good fighter. He is not equal to emergencies—seldom follows up his advantage well, and lets many a good opportunity slip.

Prize Fight in New Orleans.—A match has been on the tapis for some time past, in New Orleans, between Young Barney Aaron, well known in this city and its surroundings, and Bill Evans, of New Orleans. Evans has heretofore been looked upon as almost invincible by the New Orleans sports, and when Young Aaron arrived in New Orleans, the Charles street fancy, friends and admirers of Evans, at once proposed a battle with the "new arrival." Aaron, who has the reputation of being a good bit of stuff, and being favorably noticed as a boxer, in the columns of the Clipper, which paper has hosts of readers in the South, found some friends among the "down town bloods," who at once signified their readiness to give Aaron a trial, anyhow, and the match was thereupon made for $500. The fight took place in the neighborhood of the Metairie Race Course, on the 12th inst., in the presence of at least 1000 spectators. Before the fight commenced Aaron was the favorite at 2 to 1, and in some instances bets of $100 to $40 were offered and taken. At the conclusion of the first round, 10 to 1 on Barney went begging. Evans was beaten at all points from the very start, and on the sixth round, perceiving he had not the slightest shadow of a chance, the New Orleans champion acknowledged defeat, and the battle-money was awarded to Aaron. The fight occupied about 15 minutes, and Barney escaped with scarce a mark. Among the spectators of the fight were some 200 females, "fast gals" of the Crescent City.

Challenge.—Toronto, C. W., April 18, 1857.—As I had a little disturbance with Jim Brown, and as he has been boasting about town of his fighting abilities, this is to inform him that I will fight him a fair stand up fight, for from $100 to $200 a side; the fight to come off on the 24th of May, as I am about to leave this place. Man and money ready at Peaton's Saloon, corner of James and Queen streets.

Geo. Sweetman, *alias* Peaton's Boy.

Challenge.—Cleveland, April 23, 1857.—Having had some misunderstanding with one John Tamblyn, of this city, and wishing to settle the matter as to who is the best man, I hereby challenge the said John Tamblyn, to fight me a fair stand up fight, according to the new Rules of the London Prize Ring, for $100 or more. If this does not suit him, I will fight him for love, to show the public who is the best man. He must either accept this challenge or in future quit blowing. Man and money ready at my own Saloon, Pittsburgh street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Thos. F. Andrews.

Match between McIntyre and Brown.—On the 20th of April, the fancy of St. Louis gathered at Clepton's Saloon, on Fourth street, the occasion being the arranging of a match between Frank McIntyre, of Philadelphia, and Jim Brown, of Canada, both being at the time on a sparring tour through Missouri. Articles were drawn up and signed for the fight to take place on the 25th of May, for $200 a side.

Match between Lafferty and Davis.—At the same place, and on the same evening, a match was made between James Lafferty, of St. Louis, and Enoch Davis, for $200 a side. They are to fight in the same ring with McIntyre and Brown.

James McGuire will fight Thomas Cornell, for love or money. A match can be made at the Maple Leaf, Queen street west, Toronto, C. W.

In Buffalo.—Denny Horrigan has arrived in Buffalo, where he has met with some friends, who will, in all probability, match him with Harry Lazarus.

SPARRING.

Boxing in St. Louis.—On Saturday evening, 18th April, a sparring exhibition was given at Washington Hall, St. Louis, Mo., by Enoch Davies and Jim Brown. There were sets-to between Davies and Sam Morton; Fitzgerald and Young Ryan, which latter was much admired; Frank McIntyre and Bradley, the Star of the West—this set-to being considered the best of the evening. The wind-up was given by Davies and Brown, when the audience dispersed, well pleased with the entertainment.

Boxing in Chicago.—John Dacy gave an exhibition at Johnny Mackey's Sportsman's Hall, Chicago, on the 20th April, when the following boxers appeared, and set-to:—Mike Ward and Unknown; T. Churchill and T. Shaunessy; Harry McDonnell and Ed. James; Mike Reagan and Bill Collins; Red Mike and Old Stone; Dick Leary and American Giant—this latter was a glorious set-to. The wind-up, which gave the greatest satisfaction, was between Johnny Mackey and John Dacy—the blows told with such severity that the claret flew in all directions. The house was crowded to excess.

Young Mollineaux (Geo. Brown) was to have given an exhibition at Mackey's, on Monday evening last.

Exhibition in Cleveland.—A sparring exhibition was to have been given in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 25th April, by (as the bills say) the renowned Jack Campbell, of the London ring, assisted by Bill Conner and the Gloucestershire hero! Ahem! A number of Cleveland boxers, some of whom are very clever, had volunteered their assistance.

Exhibition in Grand Street Hall.—Billy Woodhull has taken the above hall for Thursday evening, April 30, when and where he will give an exhibition of boxing, assisted by a number of sparrers of this city, Brooklyn, and Jersey City. The wind-up will be given by Billy Woodhull and Morris Fletcher, of Brooklyn.

Pete Bradley's Benefit.—Pete Bradley, (a brother of Dominick) takes a benefit on Tuesday, the 28th inst., at Franklin Hall. He presents an immense bill, which will be fully maintained. We shall give a full report in our next.

Brown-back Snipe vs. Woodcock.—City of Reading, April 27, 1857.—*Dear Frank*:—In your last issue an attempt is made to exculpate the four gentlemen who were charged with shooting woodcock out of season. As it was not Old Berks who made the charge, why does Mr. Hartzell pitch into us, fond though we be of our lager and "*smoke pipe*." But who is this Mr. Smoke pipe, alias Hartzell? He constitutes a fifth party; why not the aggrieved seek justice? Why does he volunteer to vindicate a party of whom one is "*an unworthy member?*" and more, who is that egotist? too ignorant to distinguish between a "*brown-back snipe* and woodcock?" Mr. Smoke pipe, it so happens that we have a *slight* acquaintance with the accused parties, except Mr. Fair, alias Phayer, and we ask you to name the fool? who is unable to see the difference between "brown-back *snipe* and woodcock?" The unworthy gentleman may be a fool, *so are we*. It is our opinion there is no such bird in America as "*brown snipe*," contradistinguished from woodcock; if there is we would like to see a specimen. Mr. Hartzell shifts from the point at issue, and blows about pigeon shooting. Alas! Alas! Poor Old Berks. "God forsaken!" Well, well, according to Beecher and Greeley, we are cut off, but we don't fret much about that.

Mr. Hartzell, no stigma was intended on *Philadelphia sportsmen*; attention was asked to an *advertisement* which appeared in the North American. Who published it? You ought to settle that with McMichael, or the printer.

But three of the gentlemen "need no puffing;" then why "*blow*" about pigeon shooting? Settle the question about *them woodcock*, and then talk about pigeon shooting. Who published the fact that four gentlemen killed 8 woodcock? If it is not true, publish the truth where the lie was given; never mind Old Berks. When you go snipe hunting again take a man along who knows the difference between a "brown-back snipe and woodcock." By doing so you will oblige, Old Berks.

Cocking.—Main in Baltimore.—A main was fought in Baltimore a week or two since between Baltimore County and a celebrated cocker of Virginia, known as "Hear me now." They fought check weight, showing 13. The result was as follows:

Virginia..... 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11.
Baltimore County..... 4, 7, 8.

Both sides exhibited some fine specimens of the game fowl. The Virginia cocks were furnished by a well-known cocker of Virginia, and a Frederick, Md., cocker. The contest was for $20 each fight and $100 the odd. Baltimore seems to have been pretty well cleaned out by this main, having placed the greatest confidence in their birds, and backed them up amazingly.

After the main was over, Baltimore proposed a single match between one of their extra fowls and a Virginia stag, but the stag proved the victor.

Tiger.

CANINE.

Great Times among the Dog Fanciers.—There has been considerable excitement among the dog fanciers the past week. This kind of sport seems to be on the increase, and is rapidly gaining public attention, and growing into public favor; for it is considered that dog flesh is as worthy of improvement as any other species of animal. There were three fights of unusual interest at Giddings' pit, 49 Madison street, the particulars of which we give below.

Philadelphia vs. New York.—*Tuesday Evening's (April 21) Fight.*—This match was between the white dog, Bug, owned by Mr. Quinlvn, of Philadelphia, and the white dog, Crib, the property of Mr. Buckley, of New York. The match was at 30lbs. weight, for $150 a side. The dogs were weighed at 7½ o'clock, and at 8¼ were brought into the pit, both looking well, and eager for the fray. It was an exciting contest; the bets, both prior to, and for the first half-hour of the contest, ranging at five to two on the New York dog. Bug, however, showed excellent training, and went at Crib's throat from the start, with the confidence of a knowledge of his art. He was a most excellent wrestler, too, and managed to keep the other dog almost continually down. The contest run at this kind of fighting for 54 minutes, without scratching, when Crib turned, but renewed the contest, after sponging, most courageously; but the fight was lost. He tried his art on Bug's ears, but his teeth wouldn't hold, and Bug threw him, seizing him by the throat, and wounding him severely. They made out the hour in this kind of fighting, when Crib, on reviving, made a desperate effort, and drove Bug to scratch. Betting in favor of Bug. He went to the scratch like an avalanche, and caught Crib's throat the first hold, throwing him under and punishing him severely. For twenty minutes they continued thus, Bug doing all the fighting, until Crib seemed helpless. Bets offered three to one on Bug, but few taken. The fight was renewed for sixteen minutes more, during which time Crib did little else than lie on the floor, utterly helpless—sometimes apparently dead—only once or twice making a struggle to gain his feet, which only increased his punishment. After fighting an hour and thirty-six minutes, Crib refused to come to the scratch, and the victory was declared in favor of Bug.

This was a remarkable fight. Crib went into the pit with some honors and good backing, but Bug displayed the finest kind of training, and, what is remarkable, from the length of the fight, came off victor almost without a scratch, and apparently but little fatigued. About $250 changed hands, independent of the regular stakes. The crowd was immense, filling every corner of the building, yet, notwithstanding the excitement, comparative order was preserved. Crib died soon after the fight.

Double Event.—Fall River vs. Philadelphia.—Two Days' Fighting. *Thursday Afternoon, April 23.*—The Fall River dog, Burke, Mr. Godley's, was matched against the Philadelphia dog, Crab, Thos. Platt's, for the sum of $100 a side, at 29lbs. weight. The dogs were weighed at 12½ o'clock, and brought into the pit at half past one. Burke is a light brindle dog, with large head, and heavy, strong limbs and frame. Crab is somewhat smaller in frame, small head and limbs, and of a dark brindle color. The fight commenced in real earnest, with bets running five to three on Burke. At the end of ten minutes, Crab, following the instincts of his name, perhaps, turned and was taken to his corner. He scratched beautifully though, and soon turned the tables upon Burke, who also came forward finely on the second round. For the first hour the fight run strongly in Burke's favor, as he fought on his feet, with Crab almost continually underneath. There were repeated scratches, always courageously met, but the battle seemed lost to Crab. At this period, however, a singular change took place. Crab seemed to get his wind and strength, and went in with ten-fold ardor. He fought fast and severe, and soon drove Burke to quarters. From this time out he was the winning dog, wrestled excellently, and bit with a quickness and earnestness unparalleled. We have never seen such severe fighting. Burke's principal hold was in the mouth, lock-jawed fashion, and the dogs would sometimes lie face to face for fifteen minutes, their jaws locked, and grinding until the blood dropped fast upon the floor. Crab, however, got the best of it, and after an hour and a half's fighting, Burke's mouth was almost useless. His eyes, too, were badly bitten and swollen, and he appeared greatly the worse for wear; yet he came to the scratch with nerve, although Crab always got the first hold, and fought as sharply as at first. Here, too, he changed his tactics. He seemed to think Burke's legs too strong for him—he was still often underneath—and he commenced the dodging game, and seizing Burke's legs, would throw and shake him tremendously. This had the desired effect, and Burke was henceforth at his mercy, suffering intensely at every round. After nineteen scratches, Crab lay with his teeth fixed in Burke's nostrils, until he was dead—as he thought—for he was breathless, blind, mouth open, and lying helpless; then letting go his hold, he surveyed his victim for a moment, licked his nose, and turned in triumph away. After being sponged, however, Burke was able to stand on his feet, and his handler strove to urge him to the twentieth scratch; he walked, blind and staggering, half-way across the pit, and then turned. Crab was proclaimed the victor.

This is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable fights on record. It lasted for *two hours and forth five minutes*, and the dogs came to the scratch eagerly *nineteen times!* Both suffered amazingly, but the relative condition was greatly in favor of Crab. We think, however, that it will be a long time before he will again be able to fight, as his mouth must be seriously injured from Burke's severe teeth. During the fight, a small dog, in training for the pit, was let in by negligence or on purpose, and laid hold on Crab, but he had so far vanquished his other opponent as to spare a few stakes to the intruding slut, and would doubtless have whipped them both, had not the intruder been taken away. Burke died soon after the fight. The crowd was not so great as at the preceding fight, but there was still quite a respectable and enthusiastic assembly, and some $200 changed hands.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

One of the most terrific combats ever witnessed by amateurs of canine sports took place on Thursday afternoon, the 23 e April, at 49 Madison street. The contest was between a dog belonging to Fall River, named Burke, and one coming from Philadelphia, called Crab. The Fall River dog was of a pepper-and-salt color, whilst the Philadelphia dog was of a dark brindle. The dogs were equally matched in point of weight (29 pounds,) but the Fall River dog was a trifle the tallest. The Philadelphia dog was handled by his owner; the Fall River dog by another individual. The match, which was for $100 a side, was announced to come off at 1 o'clock, but did not take place till nearly two. For the benefit of such persons as are not cognizant of canine sports, and for the purpose of making our report intelligible to all, we will observe that combats between dogs are governed by certain rules and regulations specially applicable to that description of sport, and rigidly enforced. Among these is the "tasting" of each dog, as it is called—that is, each handler goes up to his adversary's dog and tastes him with his lips on the head, neck, throat, jaws, &c., in order to ascertain whether any foreign substance which might be prejudicial to his adversary was on either dog. This precaution is induced by the fact that nauseating drugs have been occasionally used, and dogs of known stamina been obliged to suffer defeat or relinquish the fight in consequence.

The water used to sponge out the mouths of the dogs and lave their abdomens is also subjected to the tasting process, and the sponges changed from one bucket to another. Another regulation is that relative to time between "scratches." That is, when a dog is picked up by his handler, which he is allowed to do when neither dog has hold, it is called a "turn," and half a minute's time is allowed for sponging. The dogs "scratch" alternately, and if, after a turn, a dog refuses to rush forward and seize his adversary when "get ready"—"time"—is called, he is declared vanquished, and loses the battle. These animals are trained for battle in the first instance by giving them a small dose of tartar emetic, say a couple of grains, in order to cleanse the stomach, followed by several small doses of castor oil on the day succeeding the administration of the emetic. The food is given regularly three times a day, and consists of beef well broiled. All raw and bloody meat, together with vegetables, is prohibited. They are then exercised by running after a ball and jumping at a stuffed bag, which they are incited to attempt to seize, although muzzled. Sometimes the exercise is varied by a run after a man on horseback; but in no instance must it be continued so long as to injure the dog. They are sometimes sweated when it is necessary to reduce them quickly, but great care is necessary in that operation, as dogs sometimes become very weak.

As two o'clock approached the spectators began to exhibit symptoms of impatience, as it was already past the time fixed for the appearance of the dogs in the pit. The pit itself is an oblong octagon, about sixteen feet in length and twelve in breadth, boarded up to the height of thirty inches from the floor, with a gas-light over the centre. It was situated in a rear building, and surrounded by seats for spectators, who generally muster in great numbers—particularly if the fight should take place in the evening, as combats generally do, and the dogs known to be game. A semi-circle with chalk was described at each end of the pit, and behind these chalkmarks was the station assigned to the dog and handler—the waiter on the handler being stationed behind him outside of the pit, with a pail of water and a sponge—the pail covered with a cloth or handkerchief, as a precaution against the water being drugged in case foul play should be resorted to by parties who were apprehensive of losing their money.

Previous to the combat, offers of five to four on the Fall River dog were current, with but few takers; the opinion being prevalent that the Philadelphia dog would come off second best.

After some little difficulty judges were appointed, and preparations for the fight immediately commenced. Stripped to his shirt sleeves, one of the handlers soon appeared in the pit, with two pails half filled with water and a sponge in each of them. This he carefully tasted, then changed the water from one pail into the other, and then poured it back. The sponges were also changed. Each handler then retired to his corner, and the dogs were ordered into the pit. Burke was first brought in, muzzled, and delivered to the charge of his handler. He was a spirited and courageous bull terrier in appearance, and the fixed and animated gaze with which he regarded the opposite corner, evinced plainly his knowledge that a desperate conflict was about to ensue. The handler of Crab then went up to Burke, who was tightly held, and bending over, first put his lips to the top of the dog's head, then the neck, jaws, throat, and such parts as are usually examined. "How does he taste?" says one. "All right," was the reply. "Bring in my dog," said the handler of Crab, and in a few seconds he was brought in. He was also a bull terrier, apparently blind of one eye from a previous combat, of a most resolute and determined aspect, and not quite so tall as his adversary. The same operation of tasting was gone over in his case as with that of Burke. Both handlers having declared themselves satisfied, retired to their corners and unmuzzled their dogs. Then bending down, with the left knee on the floor, the left arm around the dog's neck, the right around the body, every thing was declared ready, and the fight ordered to commence.

THE COMBAT.

At the word "time" both dogs rushed furiously at each other, and the snapping and biting were terrific; each animal endeavoring to get some favorable hold, which his adversary as dexterously avoided. At length the Fall River dog got hold of Crab's ear, and bit him most unmercifully. "That's a bully hold," says one, as Crab vainly attempted to disengage himself by twisting and squirming in every direction. "Crab's ears should have been cut," says another; "he can't get hold of Burke." At length Burke relinquished his hold, and again caught Crab, this time by the throat, and held on. Things now looked rather squally for Crab. Burke was evidently the most active dog, and some of the fanciers looked very knowing. Crab now got down on his back, and, after some twisting, extricated himself, and in turn seized Burke by the jowl and held on, biting severely. After mutual exchanges of this character for some time, some one cried out "sponge your dogs;" the handlers then took them up and retired to their corners. Neither dog seemed much injured, though Burke had received an ugly bite on the shoulder, from which there was a slight flow of blood. The dogs were soon again placed in position, Crab eyeing the "timer" attentively, and eager for the word to begin, which was immediately given. Up to the tenth turn Burke had decidedly the advantage, the Philadelphia dog panting some for breath; but now he appeared to revive wonderfully. Burke had displayed too much activity for him in the first part of the battle, and the fighting was rather quicker than suited his style of doing business; but the Fall River dog was now becoming slower at every turn. It was Crab's turn to scratch now, and at the word he rushed forward impetuously, seized Burke by the fore leg, and in an instant threw him on his back. Then changing his hold, he grabbed him by the throat. Burke at length broke his hold, and both dogs on their feet locked jaws, turning and twisting in every direction to loosen each other's grasp. Crab at length succeeded in getting Burke's nose into his jaws, and endeavored to gnaw it off. "He's a noser," said one. "How did you bet?" said another. After a time Burke extricated himself after undergoing the most severe punishment, and the dogs were taken up by their handlers. Crab was now the favorite, and the Fall River side began to think the issue doubtful. Crab was getting fresher while Burke was evidently failing. "How long have they been fighting?" says one. "About an hour and forty minutes," was the reply. After the usual interval the fight was repewed, the handlers waiting assiduously on their dogs, and when locked together vigorously blowing their sides, and encouraging them in every way possible without touching the combatants. On the thirteenth round Crab got Burke on his back, and with his teeth in his throat was punishing him dreadfully, when a small white bull terrier suddenly sprang into the pit and caught Crab by the ear, biting him severely and making him howl with rage and pain. The combat, however, was uninterrupted—one of the judges deciding it was a mere accident, as the dog, which was one in course of training for a match, had broken loose. Burke was much the worse for this turn, which taxed his vitality strongly, and the impression began to prevail that he must be vanquished. In the next turn Crab resorted to his old trick of catching his antagonist by the leg and throwing him over, then seizing him by the throat or nose he would munch and craunch away at his leisure, growling fearfully when he could not get as large a mouthful as he wished—Burke lying meanwhile on the floor perfectly passive, and enduring his punishment with the stoicism of a martyr, not a whimper escaping from his devoted lips. "How slow Burke breathes," says one. "He can't come to the scratch again." "I have seen him worse than that," says his owner. It was Crab's turn to scratch on the eighteenth turn. When "time" was called, he advanced as determinedly as ever, and seizing his exhausted adversary by the neck, threw him helplessly on the floor. Then seizing him by the nose he commenced munching and growling as before. Burke was now unable to offer the slightest resistance; he lay passively on his side, his fore legs drawn up under his chest, his eyes closed, and the shadows of dissolution rapidly deepening around him. After Crab had held him thus for some time, he gradually relinquished his hold, stepped back a little, again advanced to his adversary, licked the blood for a moment from the nostrils of his prostrate foe, and then stealthily stepping back, turned an enquiring look towards the time-keeper. His handler then picked him up, and exclaimed—"Gentlemen, I claim this fight." "Take your dog to his corner, and sponge him out," was the response. This was complied with. Burke was also raised by his handler, and sponged, which seemed to revive him. It was his turn now to "scratch." The dying dog, true to his instinct and the command of his handler, tottered forward at the word and reached the centre of the pit, when, blind, bewildered and dying, he paused and reeled toward the side of the pit. His handler then sprang forward, took him in his arms, and carried him outside, when he shortly afterwards expired. Thus ended one of the most sanguinary and prolonged battles ever fought, the fight lasting two hours and forty-five minutes.

P. S.—We have just learned that Crab died in Philadelphia on the following Saturday night.

Friday Afternoon, April 24.—This was a poor fight, briefly decided, obtaining its principal interest from the fact that the dogs belonged to the same parties owning Crab and Burke; the match being made at the same time and for the same amount of stakes. The sluts were weighed at twelve o'clock, 30½lbs., and were brought into the pit at a quarter past one. Verge, the Philadelphia slut, was the favorite from the start; and from the first nip, Lady, the Fall River slut, had not the least show. Verge fought fast and artful, seizing the throat and legs, and in ten minutes time left Lady helpless. At twenty minutes, she seemed in a dying condition, and Verge took compassion and left her. But as it was her scratch, Lady had to stand another assault, which lasted one-minute, when her handler, trying her at the scratch, found her a "stand still"—Verge winning the fight in twenty one minutes. But little money was bet by outsiders.

Thus Philadelphia, in three consecutive fights, with able opponents, bore off the palm. We desire to say a word about the victorious dogs. We know nothing of their pedigree, and cannot therefore speak of their lineage of blood, but they are certainly of a most excellent breed. The three might have been of the same dam, so far as form can testify. All have small heads, pointed nose, lithe, graceful forms, and thin legs; all are quick, sharp fighters, showing exactly the same tactics. They have been excellently trained, and look up at the time-keeper at the cry of "make ready!" with an apparently perfect understanding of his meaning. Their owners may well be proud of them. Altogether, the Canine sport of the week has afforded considerable amusement and interest to the sporting world of New York. There are several more on hand.

Lucky and Benny.—This interesting match between Harry Jennings' little dog Lucky and Jem Giddings' dog Benny is to be decided on Tuesday next, May 5th, for $200, at 149 Madison street.

Ratting Extraordinary.—Two pups belonging to two gentlemen were matched to kill 20 rats each, for $20, on Saturday night, 25th April, and the feat was completed handsomely by the winner in 36 minutes and 15 seconds. Harry Jennings will match the same pup against any pup within a month of her age—it being only three months old—and 6 lbs. weight; and it shall kill 25 rats for $25. For further particulars apply to Harry Jennings, 114 Madison street.

Challenge to the World.—I will fight my dog Bony, weight 50 lbs., give or take 2 lbs., for from $100 to $500 a side, just as it will suit the customer. Any person wishing to have a shake up, can find man, money, and dog, at Sayer street, Sportsman's Home, Toronto, C. W.

Joseph Neill.

Another Chance to Make Money.—Any person that will match me for $500 a side, for the same dog Bony, I will give them $50, and the battle to come off in Canada.

Joseph Neill.

Toronto, April 25, 1857.

Battle in Chicago.—The match between Mellen's dog Lion and Sherman's dog Jack took place at Chicago, on the 20th April. Lion was the favorite from the start, but after a contest of 16 minutes, he refused to scratch, and Jack was thereupon declared the winner, and the money handed over to his backer. Jack can be backed for any amount against any 48 lbs. dog that can be produced in Chicago.

Challenge.—Chaffers' dog Jack can be matched against Giddings' 34 lbs. dog, or the Philadelphia dog Lion, 34 lbs., for from $100 to $300 a side. The fight to take place within six weeks, in this city, at 49 Madison street.

Another.—Mr. Chaffers will also match his Glass-eye dog against Jennings' 26 lbs. dog, for $100 a side.

[Mr. Jennings has since called upon us, and says he will accommodate Mr. Chaffers with a 26 pounder, and will be prepared to meet Mr. C. to make a match whenever that gentleman feels like it.—Ed. Clip.]

The Deposits for the fight between Roome's dog Billy and Goulding's dog Tige have been made into $75 a side. The dogs are to fight for $300, on the 19th inst., at 49 Madison street.

More About the Strong Men.—Troy, April 25th, 1857.—*Editor of Clipper:* In looking over your valuable paper for this week, I noticed an article purporting to be from a correspondent from this place, in which he endeavors to make the readers of the Clipper believe that at the recent exhibition in Rand's Hall, the cast iron man (James Madison) showed a decided superiority over Prof. Carl, in feats of strength and endurance.

Now, sir, I will not pretend to say which of the two would prove himself the best man in the long run; but, as I was present at the exhibition alluded to, I make no hesitation in saying that your correspondent's statements in regard to the trial of muscle between the two gentlemen is false in nearly every particular, and I can but wonder how a person can muster up cheek enough to make such a fabricated statement publicly, right in the face and eyes of the "thousand persons* present" who are aware of the real facts of the case, and who know that after Madison had gone through with his feats, Carl performed precisely the same, using the same anvils, bending the same iron, &c., using his bare arms in the performance, while Madison's were covered; and, in breaking the stones, your correspondent says he broke three small ones with his hand, his hand being bound up with a towel! Oh! shame, where is thy blush? Not only did Madison have *his* hand bound up with a towel, but he picked out all the slimest and consequently the easiest to break, and left Carl some seven or eight awful hard cases, regular "tough nuts" for Carl to crack, but he showed himself equal to his task and demolished the whole pile in a very creditable manner, which called forth loud shouts of applause from the audience. Carl also performed some extra feats with weights, and when there was a call made for Madison, he did not see fit to respond.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1857.

"SPORTING LITERATURE" AND THE SCRIPTURES.

THE scope of sporting literature is much more extensive than some narrow-minded philosophers (those of the N. Y. Tribune, for example) would like to admit, even if they were aware of the fact. But, prejudice is no argument, and never can arise above the doubtful dignities of semi-slander.

There is, unfortunately, a great portion of this prejudice yet remaining against "sporting literature," and it enables any self-satisfied snob to apparently dismiss the entire subject by calling it "horse talk." Names are of little consequence on such a universal subject, and we are quite willing to leave our opponents in the enjoyment of bandying epithets so long as we know that all scholarship and poetical inspiration are on our side, as well as the facts.

"Horse talk" makes a very pretty phrase for thoughtless derision, but let us consider that noble animal—the horse. How plainly his every action proclaims—

"The hand that made me is divine."

Let us try to judge the horse by comparing his nature with our own. Hamlet says—"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! The beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" This Shakespearean description cannot be controverted. And yet, what can be so well compared to the uplifted arm of an orator in intensity of expression as the pawing hoof of an impatient steed? Where shall we find the danseuse who can excel the grace of his motions in moments of play? What military hero can surpass his headlong courage in the onset of battle? With all this physical strength and beauty, there is the nearest approach to a *soul* in his lofty bearing, flashing eye, and proud step, especially when in the enjoyment of liberty. The sublime description given by Job may be called "horse talk," if the philosophers please, but that would not alter its correctness of truth in the graces of poetry. As we have no wish to speak irreverently of sacred things, we shall give the literal translation of an ordinary scholar, and leave the intelligent reader to find the usual quotation in the authorized version of the Bible:—

"Hast thou given the horse strength?
Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?
Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?
The glory of his nostrils is terrible;
He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength;
He goeth on to meet the armed men;
He mocketh at fear and is not affrighted:
Neither turneth he back from the sword.
The quiver rattleth against him,
The glittering spear and the shield.
He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage;
Neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.
He saith among the trumpets 'Ha! Ha!'
And he smelleth the battle afar off,
The thunder of the captains and the shouting."

One of the first subjects the preparatory academician meets with at school is the "Georgics" of Virgil, and among this kind of "sporting literature" may be found the following sample, here rendered into English—

"But at the clash of arms, his ear afar
Drinks the deep sound, and vibrates to the war;
Flames from each nostril roll, and gathered stream,
His quivering limbs with restless motion gleam;
O'er his right shoulder, floating full and fair,
Sweeps his thick mane, and spreads his pomp of hair;
Swift works his double spine, and earth around
Rings to his solid hoof that wears the ground."

English literature is full of this "sporting" element, from Chaucer to Tennyson, and it is impossible to separate such associations, not even to oblige a "Serious Family." Here is a pretty specimen of "horse talk" and domestic pictures:—

"How mild, how gentle, is the well-train'd horse!
Now wing'd with speed, he flies along the course;
With rapid bounds he strives to win the race,
And glories in the pleasures of the chase.
Inspired, he hears the hounds, and fears delay;
He knows the joyful sound—'Hark, hark, away!'
With ears erect, and animated eyes,
O'er hedge and ditch triumphantly he flies,
And safely wings his rider o'er the ground:
True to the last his spirit's ardent found."

Speaking of Tennyson, here is one of his active and rattling pictures:—

"——— It was the point of noon:
The lists were ready. Empanoplied and plumed
We enter'd in, and waited, fifty there
To fifty, till the terrible trumpet blared
At the barrier—yet a moment, and once more
The trumpet, and again: at which the storm
Of galloping hoofs bare on the ridge of spears
And riders front to front, until they closed
In the middle with the crash of shivering points,
And thunder. On his haunches rose the steed,
And into fiery splinters leapt the lance,
And out of stricken helmets sprang the fire.
Part sat like rocks: part reel'd but kept their seats:
Part roll'd on the earth and rose again and drew:
Part stumbled, mixt with floundering horses."

Here is another of Tennyson's, a more general and domesticated group:—

"A herd of boys with clamour bowled
At the stumpt wicket; babies rolled about
Like tumbled fruit in grass; and men and maids
Arranged a country dance, and flew thro' light
And shadow, while the twangling violin
Struck up the Soldier-laddie, and overhead
The broad, ambrosial aisles of lofty limes
Made noise with bees and breeze from end to end."

With these random selections, the public will see that there are various kinds of "sporting literature."

LEAVES OF LITERARY LEISURE.

BYRNE'S PRICE BOOK, READY RECKONER, AND MEASURER.—This is a kind of breast-pocket friend, portable and convenient for reference as a constant companion to relieve the mental powers from too much arithmetical labor. Its author, Oliver Byrne, is not only well known as a civil, military, and mechanical engineer, but as the very pleasing author of several other scientific works and the originator of some important inventions. The contents of the work now under consideration are so varied that we cannot find room to describe them; but we can assure the merchant, the mechanic, or the general trader, that they would as soon think of going out without a coat as being without this inseparable friend and adviser after making its acquaintance. From a boarding house to a national government it must always be useful The publisher is Philip J. Cozans, 107 Nassau street, New York.

SAXTON'S RURAL HAND-BOOKS.—These form a series of very valuable works upon various interesting and important subjects. Among those we have seen are The Dog and Gun, by Johnson J. Hooper. The Horse's Foot, and How To Keep It Sound, by William Miles. The Rabbit Fancier, by C. N. Bement. Dogs: Their Origin and Varieties, by H. D. Richardson. These books can be had separately, at twenty-five cents each, according to the fancy of the purchaser. They are especially useful for farmers, as most of the works published by C. M. Saxton & Co. have been prepared in reference to social and domestic economy. Their style is pleasant as well as instructive and the illustrations are profuse. The publishers are at 140 Fulton street, New York.

THE NEW RACE COURSE ASSOCIATION.—We have in previous numbers of the CLIPPER given the main points of the bill recently passed in the Legislature of this State for the "Improvement of the breed of horses," but, in order that our readers may become acquainted with every minutiæ of the bill, we give the document below, as it finally passed, and received the Governor's signature:

AN ACT FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE BREED OF HORSES.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Sec. 1. Edward Pearsall, of the city of New York; Henry Lloyd, of Queens county; Lovell Purdy, of Richmond county; Ardil Raymond, of Westchester county; or either of them, or their associates, in all not less than five in number, may associate and form a company for the purpose of raising, breeding, and improving the breed of horses, subject to the provisions of "An Act for the Incorporation of Associations for Improving the Breed of Horses," passed April 15, 1854, excepting so far as the same may be inconsistent with the provisions of this act.

Sec. 2. The said Association or Company shall have power to purchase or lease a suitable tract of land, to be selected as hereinafter provided; which said tract of land may be used as a course for testing the relative speed of horses; and to erect such buildings and fences on and around the same, as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of this act; but nothing in this section contained shall be construed to allow any bet or wager, contrary to the provisions of Article 5, chap. 20, title 8, part 1, of the Revised Statues.

Sec. 3. There may be two meetings of said Association or Company in each year; one in the month of June and the other in the month of October.

Sec. 4. The said Association or Company, at its semi-annual meetings, shall have power to offer prizes, in money or otherwise, to be awarded in the manner which the Association may consider best adapted to carry out the purposes of this act.

Sec. 5. The following named persons, to wit: Lovell Purdy, of Richmond county; Anthony J. Bleecker, of New York city; and Ardil Raymond, of Westchester county; are hereby appointed Commissioners, whose duty it shall be, within one year from the passage of this act, to select a suitable tract of land to be devoted to the purposes herein specified; which tract of land so selected by the said Commissioners, and no other, may be purchased or leased by the said Association; provided that the said tract of land shall be situated within one of the counties of Kings, Queens, Suffolk, New York, or Richmond.

Sec. 6. It shall be made the duty of the Sheriff of the county, or his deputy or special deputy, where the meetings of said Association shall be held, to attend at the course during the time of such meetings, to keep the peace on the same, and to remove from the same all gambling tables or gambling implements of any kind whatsoever; and for his services in this respect he shall receive a compensation not exceeding five dollars for each day's attendance, which sum of money shall be paid by the said Association.

Sec. 7. If the said Association or Company shall at any time permit any gambling, or games at which money can be won or lost, to be carried on within the course herein provided for, in that case the said Company shall forfeit its charter, and all the favors and privilges conferred by this act.

Sec. 8. This act shall take effect from and after its passage.

The passage of this bill had the effect to bring forward another, which also passed, and of which the following is a copy:

AN ACT TO AMEND AN ACT ENTITLED "AN ACT FOR THE INCORPORATION OF ASSOCIATIONS FOR IMPROVING THE BREED OF HORSES," PASSED APRIL 15, 1854.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Sec. 1. The fifth section of the act entitled "An Act for the Incorporation of Associations for Improving the Breed of Horses," passed April 15, 1854, is hereby amended by adding thereto as follows: But nothing in this section contained shall be construed to allow the racing, running, trotting, or pacing of horses or other animals, for any bet or wager, or for any reward or prize, to be given to the owner or rider of any animal which shall excel in speed, contrary to the provisions of Article 5, chap. 20, title 8, part 1, of the Revised Statues.

Sec. 2. This act shall take effect immediately.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—As it is quite likely that we may have some matches at rifle shooting during the coming summer, we give the following report of a trial which took place in Canada on the 6th and 7th of February, in order that our readers may be kept posted in the doings of some of our Canada neighbors, and also that we may introduce the following challenge which was the result of that match. The report is copied from the London (C. W.) *Free Press:*

RIFLE MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. BEATTIE AND W. H. SOPER.—This match, for £50 a side, which was to be contested on or before the 10th inst., was declared off in consequence of some difficulty having arisen about the rest to be used by Mr. Soper; but the parties arranged on Friday last to shoot for the stakes, both using the same rest, viz: a fence-rail laid on the ground. Ten shots each were fired on Friday afternoon, which left Mr. Soper the winner by 5¾ inches. The shooting was resumed on Saturday, and again Mr. Soper was the winner by 17⅛ inches; consequently the stakes were handed over to him, he being the winner of both strings. There was some splendid shooting on Friday, but the wind being very high on Saturday, the shooting was considerably wider:

FRIDAY'S SHOOTING.
Distance, 220 Yards.

Soper's ten shots	14¼ inches.	
Beattie's "	20¾ "	
		5⅝ inches.

SATURDAY'S SHOOTING.

Soper's ten shots	19¼ inches.	
Beattie's "	37¾ "	
		17⅝ inches.
Difference in both strings	23¾ inches.	

The rifle used by Mr. Soper was one of his own make, while that used by Mr. Beattie was of Rochester manufacture. It was, perhaps, owing to this circumstance, more than to any great difference in the skill of the respective parties, that Mr. Soper was so successful.

Mr. Soper is a rifle maker, of London, C. W., and Mr. Beattie is an engineer of that city.

Since the above match was decided the following challenge was issued by Mr. Soper, but we have not learned that it has, as yet, been accepted. It is probable, however, that it will be, ere long:

CHALLENGE.—The subscriber will bet $500 to shoot against any gunsmith in Canada or any rifle made in Canada (other than his own manufacture,) no matter who shoots it, five strings of twenty shots each, at forty rods distance, $100 being put up on each string of 20 shots—each party to use his own rest of any kind or construction they may think proper—$100 to be put up on accepting this challenge to prevent backing out; the remainder to be put up at least ten days before the shooting comes off—one month's notice to be given by either party previous to the match.

The subscriber makes this challenge in order that any rifle maker in Canada who thinks that he can make a better rifle can have an opportunity of showing to the sportsmen of Canada what they can do, as he believes his patent rifles are superior to any manufactured in this Province, and equal to any manufactured in the world.

This challenge will remain open till the 1st day of May next.

WM. H. SOPER.

"HOOK AND LADDER No. 1."—A few years ago the Fire Department of Baltimore was without any of these most useful adjuncts, and some of our old firemen, in view of the valuable services now performed by this division of the "Soldiers of Humanity," wonder how it was ever possible to have got along in the performance of their arduous duties without them. The Pioneer Hook and Ladder Company No. 1 entered the Department not as ameteur firemen, but as men skilled in the particular branch of the service to which they had attached themselves, so much so as to excite the wonder of their brother firemen at their apparent experience and efficiency. They have also secured the admiration of the community by their alacrity and the celerity of their movements in locating their ladders at points almost inaccessable, and the ease and grace with which they handle the "tools" of the truck. They have, at the same time, maintained a character, from the outset, not only as efficient firemen, but as good citizens, securing the friendship and respect of their brother firemen to an extent that is worthy of the highest commendations, and feeling as much pride in being esteemed a body of orderly citizens, as in the full performance of the duties they had asumed. They are now about adding to their usefulness by securing a new truck for the service of the company, with all the improvements found necessary by their long use in New York, which is expected to arive here in a few days, President Charles T. Holloway and Thomas Simpson, Esq., one of the most active members, now being on a visit to that city to superintend its shipment. This addition to their present apparatus has been rendered necessary in consequence of the constant service to which it has been subjected, and also that a shorter truck is frequently required at fires. The new truck is not so large as those now in use in Philadelphia and Baltimore.—[Baltimore American.

TRIAL OF FIRE ENGINES.—The following are the results arrived at by the judges appointed at a trial April 16th, 1857, between Mazeppa 1, and Perkins 2, both of South Boston:

First Position.—No. 2 at the draught, playing through 250 feet of hose into No. 1. No. 1 playing through the same complement of hose through pipe one inch. Time, 10 minutes. Water guage 12 inches from the bottom of tub. No. 2 washed No. 1 in eight minutes and thirty seconds. No. 2's butt was then thrown out, time of butt being out 4 seconds; in the remaining time, say 1 minute 26 seconds, No. 2 gained over the water guage 5¾ inches. Whole gain, 17¾ inches.

Second Position.—No. 1 at the draught, playing through the same hose as No. 2 in the first position into No. 2. No. 2 playing through the same pipe as No. 1 in the first position. Time, 10 minutes. Water lowered in No. 2, 2⅞ inches.

Third Position.—No. 2 at the draught, playing into the tank. Time, 10 minutes, filling the tank within 14¾ inches of a given point of the top.

Fourth Position.—No. 1 at the draught, playing through the same hose and pipe into the tank. Time, 10 minutes, filling the tank within 13 inches and 15-16ths of an inch of the same given mark above. Each engine was placed into the precise position occupied by its opponent. Both engines manned by their respective companies, thirty-eight men each, and no persons were allowed inside the ropes but the members of the companies.

RESULTS.

On the two first trials No. 2 was the victor; on the last trial No. 1 was the victor.

JAMES CHAMBERS,
SAM'L S. LORD,
JAMES WOOD,
JOHN S. DAMRELL,
WM. E. BROWN,
} Judges.

AQUATIC SPORTS AMONG THE STUDENTS OF HARVARD.—The boating season for 1857 promises to be unusually brilliant, and in order not to be behind in matters of this sort, the students of Cambridge are preparing themselves for some glorious sport. One of these gentlemen has prepared the following account of the various clubs, as also of the different club-boats owned by the students:

The interesting in boating matters, which was revived in the spring of 1855, received a new impulse from the victory gained by the Harvard College boats over those from Yale, at Springfield, on the 21st of July of the same year. After the return from that victory, at the beginning of the following term, the boat clubs at Cambridge, convinced by the difficulties they had to contend with in their preparation for the race with Yale, that some more general organization was indispensable, appointed a committee consisting of the presidents of the boat clubs, to take charge of all matters relating to races in which the college, as a whole, should be engaged. That committee was also instructed to collect subscriptions for a boat, to be owned by the whole college, and to procure a proper boat and boat-house. They procured from Christopher Coyle, of St. John, N. B., an eight-oared race-gig, 51 feet in length, and built a house for her reception. The new boat, the "Harvard," arrived in Cambridge on the evening of the first of July, and on the fourth, with a crew composed of Messrs. S. B. Parkman (stroke,) B. W. Crowninshield, W. H. Elliott, T. D. Dodges, C. F. Walcott, F. C. Ropes, W. G. Goldsmith and A. E. R. Agassix (bow,) took the second prize, a goblet valued at fifty dollars, in the ragatta given by the city of Boston. The distance three miles, was pulled in 21 minutes 8 seconds.

The "Harvard," however, is not yet paid for; about a hundred dollars more are wanted to pay her debts, and make her the property of the students, forever. It is to be hoped the friends of the College in Boston, and the encouragers of healthy and athletic amusements, will not suffer this debt to remain much longer.

Besides the "Harvard," there are ten boat clubs at Cambridge. These are apportioned, as follows:

Class of 1857 (Seniors). The Huron Club, numbering twenty-two members, and which will be dissolved at the close of the present term. This club own the "Huron," a six-oared gig, forty feet long, built by Patchell, at East Boston, in 1856. The officers are, J. J. Storrow, Presidents; G. Bacon, coxswain.

Class of 1858 (Juniors). The Oneida Club, numbering twenty-six members, and owning an eight-oared gig, forty feet long, built by Patchell, at East Boston, in 1856. The officers are: W. F. Lee, President; W. F. Milton, coxswain.

The Ariel Club, numbering twenty-two members. This club pull in an eight-oared, thirty-nine feet barge (the Oneida, of Winnipiseogee celebrity). The officers are: W. H. Fox, President; J. D. Thurber and R. T. Edes, coxswains. This club have ordered a new six-oared boat, 42 feet long, from Winde & Clinkard. The Undine Club, numbering twelve members, and owning a thirty feet four-oared boat, built by Brown, at Charlestown, in 1855. Officers: W. H. Dunning, President; G. Allen and H. P. Tobey, coxswains.

Class of 1859 (Sophomores). The Iris Club, numbering twenty-five members, who pull at present in an eight-oared barge, forty feet long, (the Iris, which gained the victory over Yale, at Springfield, in 1855,) built at Charlestown, by Cunnard, in 1855. This club have recently bought the "Huron," from the senior club of that name. Their officers are: J. H. Ellison, President; H. Cutting, F. S. G. d'Hauteville, H. B. Walley, coxswains. The Lotus Club, numbering eighteen members, who pull at present the "Lotus," a thirty-five feet, eight-oared barge, but who expect to receive, in a few weeks, from the shop of Winde, at Chelsea, a forty-five feet six-oared gig. The Lotus was built at Charlestown, by Brown & Cunnard, in 1854. The officers of this club are: E. Curtis, President; W. R. Huntington and L. W. Bailey, coxswains.

Class of 1860 (Freshmen.) The Sabrina Club, numbering twenty-seven members, have recently bought the "Iris." The officers of this club are: H. S. Russel, President; C. R. Mudge, H. J. Hayden, C. J. Mills, coxswains. The Ariel Club, numbering ten members, who have just bought the "Lotus." E. G. Abbot, President. The Urania Club, numbering twelve members, are about to purchase a six-oared boat, forty-three feet long, built by Mahony, at East Boston, in 1856. S. Wetmore, President.

Besides the boats above mentioned, there is a "pair-oar," recently built by Mahony, at East Boston, and owned by two young men of the Freshman Class.

In addition to the undergraduate boats, there is the Orion Club, numbering twenty members, chiefly divinity students, but counting also among its members several college officers. They own a six-oared, thirty-seven foot gig, built at St. John, N. B. Their officers are: H. W. Brown, President; H. W. Brown, W. Q. Riddle, J. K. Hosmer, coxswains.

Attached to all the boat clubs in Cambridge, there are one hundred and ninety-one members, of whom one hundred and seventy-one are undergraduates. As may be imagined, it is a very pleasant sight to see the different boats, with their gaily uniformed crews, as of a summer's evening they push out from their houses for their pull to Boston or to Watertown. On such occasions, large crowds of students collect on the banks of the river; those skilled in boating matters to criticise the rowing of the different crews, to discuss the merits of A's "stroke," or the capabilities of B. as "bow oar;" those ignorant of these mysteries of the craft, to admire the boats as they flit up and down the river, "tossing" to each other by way of salute—the barges swimming on with their stately and steady march, the lighter gigs dashing gaily by, as though they flew over and not through the water. Nor are the boats only for show, and their crews mere holiday pullers. Witness the flags and oars suspended in Harvard Hall, and the goblet won last summer, trophies of their prowess. Even now, the Huron Club is busy in selecting a crew and preparing for a race which they are to pull on the 16th of May, with the "Volant," long time the champion of the Charles River Amateur Boat Club Association. Thus far the College boats have suffered no discredit when brought alongside of any other boats, either in point of speed or general good appearance. One of the prettiest features of the Celebration, on the last Fourth of July, was the procession of boats from Cambridge, as eight in number they came down in line, stretching up and down by the milldam. The friends of the Harvard boat clubs may rest satisfied that everything will be done to maintain, in future, the same position the Cambridge boats have enjoyed in the past.

REGATTA AT MOBILE.—There was quite a pleasant little regatta in the river, at Mobile, on the 16th inst., as we learn from the Register. The starting was from the new and elegant floating bath, opposite Dauphin street, sailing round the wreck of the Wade Allen to the southward, and a boat moored off St. Louis street wharf. This course was to have been sailed twice over, but the utter falling-off of wind terminated the race at the end of the first round at the Bath.

The boats were all small, about sixteen feet in length, four in number, and rigged with only one sail. The Undine came out first, the Sea Witch second, the Whirlwind third, and the Tornado last. The latter was all over behind.

But this was only one heat of a protracted race, for they repeated it the next day, the Undine coming out in the lead, with the Whirlwind as a second. The others nowhere.

BOAT RACE BETWEEN THE COLD SPRING AND NEWBURGH CLUBS.—Our readers doubtless remember the challenge and acceptance which passed between the above-named clubs, through the medium of the CLIPPER, a few weeks since. Well, a match was soon made, in a friendly and gentlemanly manner, and the race came off at Newburgh on the 18th inst., for the following account of which we are indebted to the Newburgh *News:*

Quite an excitement was created on Saturday by a boat race between a Cold Spring Boat Club and four of our Newburgh boys. The Cold Spring Club rowed the "Undercliff," a very beautiful boat which was built here last summer by the Messrs. Shaw. Opposed to them was a new boat named the "Isaac Wood, Jr.," in compliment to the efficient Secretary of the Regatta Association. The "Wood" was built by a lad named Brown, who seems to have a sort of natural genius for the business. He certainly has achieved an eminent success in this craft. She sits upon the water lightly as a duck, and a more exquisite model it would be difficult to conceive. Those who are *au fait* in these matters pronounced her invincible before the race.

A match of $25 a side had been made, and at the appointed hour the "Undercliff" came up the Bay, manned by a crew of four stalwart men. The "Wood" was rowed by four lads, all under 18. The signal was given about 4 o'clock, and at the first dash it was evident that the "Wood" was *the* clipper. A dozen dips put her half a length ahead, and as the boats sped down the Bay it was evident that the boys were too much for their competitors. They made the first two miles in 15 minutes and 16 seconds, and came up past the dock 1 minute and 28 seconds ahead. A thundering shout greeted their certain triumph. The "Undercliff" followed in their wake for about two miles, when, seeing that the chase was utterly hopeless, they handed off and run ashore. The "Wood" run over her whole course of four miles inside of 34 minutes, stopping on the way to take in a flag, and they brought up gallantly to the starting point, amid a shout which made the welkin ring again. It was splendidly done, and the feat will make the old oarsmen look to their laurels.

COCKING.

IMPROBIS ALIENA VIRTUS SEMPER FORMIDOLOSA EST!—*Mr. Editor:* In perusing the CLIPPER of this week, I find in its well-stored columns a communication signed "Old Sergeant Cock," which is certainly worthy the source. The reproaches of such an adversary I consider rather as a compliment than a disgrace; it would be a trespass upon the good understanding of your many readers to pursue a personal matter of no moment whatever. There is one thing, however, of which they may rest assured: I never *traded* a stag to a gentleman either within or without a hundred miles of Lancaster; but, during the Second Annual Exhibition (1855) of the State Poultry Society of Pennsylvania, I *presented* a stag to a gentleman then and now a resident of Lancaster, (his house is *not* a tavern—*do you understand, Doctor?*) telling him at the time the stag was from one of my hens, and a cock reputed to be good. That gentleman told me himself the stag was fought and he ran away. I dare say it was the case, for I subsequently had other stags from the same cock tried, and they ran away, too. I will add, in this connection, the cock was *not* akin to the Billy Beard stock, but something raised in Delaware county, in *close* proximity to the residence of a friend having a number of fowls that came from the very identical person who indites over the signature "Old Sergeant Cock." Whether this cock was one of the bull calves (oh, Lord!) I know not; if he had fought twenty-one or twenty-two battles, however, without getting so much as a scratch, the evidence of his paternity will be, perhaps, strong in his favor.

As to the charge, that I am not the man I would have people to believe, I stand guiltless. I have not said or done anything, knowingly, to mislead one upon that subject at any rate; if you are misled, Old Cock, I am not surprised. Yet, lest some might by any possibility think there was a syllable of truth in your assertion, I would simply say they are deceived; but I charge back upon you, dotard that you are, your slanderous weapons—your falsehoods fall innocently at my feet.

Never fear, good Frank; should this fishy M. D. ever again obtain his reason, now buried in the depths of Alcohol, I trust for the sake of humanity he may be endowed with fortitude enough to withstand the temptations of the bottle, and deprive the crow of his repast.

Philadelphia, April 18, 1857. WHITE HACKLE.

JESS WEISS' STOCK.—PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 17th, 1857.—*Mr. Editor:*—Old Sport says he feels a little inquisitve to know something about the henny and Jess Weiss' Stock. If he will take the time to walk to Alderman Clarck's office, and ask to see his docket, he there will find out all about it, and who was the man sued for having one of Jess Weiss' Cocks, that was given to him by big Jo; and if he will ask the ex-Police officer with the lame hand how the hennies were first obtained by the Kensington Cock Fighters, he can learn from him all about that breed, provided John will tell the truth; the other he need not ask about, for Dicky has told it himself so often that I believe he thinks it an honor to be sued for harboring a stolen chicken.

BLINKER.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

WRITTEN FOR THE CLIPPER,

BY FRED. H. HODGES, COMEDIAN.

"GINGER! SIR! GINGER!!"

JOHN NICKINSON, the well-known delineator of the "Old Guard," and indeed an excellent actor in that style of business, is probably one of the most eccentric, though good hearted, managers living. While I was attached to his theatre in Toronto, as principal low comedian, I had a good opportunity of observing his peculiarities, the chief of which was an exclamation of his, a very singular one—"GINGER, SIR! GINGER!" This he was in the habit of saying to any and every actor who was not sufficiently lively in a part which required activity and sprightliness.

A young man named Thompson belonged to the company, who was supposed to be a good performer in Irish characters; he might have been, but I never could perceive that he was good in those parts, or *anything else.* However, Manager "Nick," for some unaccountable reason, favored Thompson exceedingly, by casting him for all the best parts. Now the joke of it was, that Thompson (WITH A P,) being very uneducated, either could not or would not study a line correctly; consequently, he was always imperfect, and had to be prompted; what made matters worse, he would repeat any word that was given to him, without reference to its sense or meaning. One night the talented Thompson was representing a young lover in some "Romantic Drama;" as usual, he was very loose in the text, and stumbling along, much to the distress of the poor damsel he was making love to. She had just addressed him with a look of melting tenderness, in these words—

"Tell me, Alphonse! oh, tell me! what can ease this aching heart?"

Now the honest Thompson hadn't the remotest idea what to say, so he coughed! to fill up the time; then placed his handkerchief to his eyes, as if overcome by his feelings, and waited to be prompted. Just at this moment Manager "Nick" came to the wing, and thinking that the scene must be going rather dull, as the audience were not applauding, roared out:

"Ginger, Sir! Ginger!"

"Ginger!" repeated the bewildered Thompson.

"Ginger!" exclaimed the indignant actress. "Sir! what do you mean?"

He means "Ginger Beer!" shouted a wag in the Pit.

It is almost impossible for my pen to describe the effect of this startling denouement. Suffice it to say that "Old Nick" was wrathy, the audience delighted, and the young actress disgusted at Thompson (with a P.;) but from that time, Mr. Nickinson was more careful how he exclaimed "Ginger, Sir! Ginger!"

SPORTING MATTERS ABROAD.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

LONDON, April 3, 1857.

FRIEND QUEEN—As sure as pigs are partial to young apples we may now consider that the racing season has fairly commenced and that we shall have a lively summer. Not even the elections, or the Palmerstonian splurge on John Chinaman, have been able to call off the attention of John Bull from his usual allowance of sport and fair play.

The Spring Meeting at Epsom yesterday was very lively for the date in the year. The Inkerman Plate (50 sovs.) went to Flacrow, with New Brighton second. The others were Heroine, Stormsail, Orchehill, Dramatist, Coral, Huntington, Saxe Weimar, Schoolfellow, Victor Emanuel, New Brighton, Mabel, Madame Clicquot, Whitsuntide, Mottingham, and Maid of Perth. Since Mr. Ten Broeck's advent here is is important now to know what sort of horses are running—win or lose. The Balaklava Stakes were lifted by Spinet, with Woodmite second. The old-fashioned City and Suburban Handicap had 100 subs., of whom 46 declared forfeit, leaving 54 starters. Adamas was winner, with Wardermaske second. The others were Pinwire, Peeping Tom, Artillery, Fisherman, Hartley Buck, Arsenal, Sœur de Charite, Nereus, England's Beauty, Indulgence, Mottingham, British Remedy, Red White and Blue, Gitana, Alembic, Ellermire, Barfleur, Nightshade, Admiral Lyons, Madame Rachel, John Peel, Vaulter, Western Power, Sir Colin, Aspasia, Cave Adullam, Westminster, Miss Harkaway, The Earl, Porto Rico, Ombra, Sister to Elfrida, Cantrip, Dulcamara, Bel Esperanza, Bubble, Dusty Miller, Centurion, St. Giles, Dramatist, Little Tom, West Langton, Merlin, Zaidee, Beatrix, Sunrise, Maid of Athens, Bar One, Strawberry, Hollander, Fright, and Raven. The Two-Year-Old Stakes went to Mr. Barber's ch. f. Polly Peachum, out of a crowd of thirty-one young things, such as Shepherdess, Archibald, Scourge, Miss Curl, Carmel, Peregrine, Abron, Dispute, Chamounix, Mr. M. Dennett's b. c. by The Fallow Buck out of Colleen Bawn, Royal Sovereign, The Morning Herald, Mr. J. Merry's ch. f. by Harkaway out of First Fruit's dam, Wrestler, Yaller Gal, Mr. Drinkald's br. c. by Fernhill out of Galloper's dam, Quotation, Lily Dale, Brother to Farthingale, Hinda, Mr. G. Payne's c. by Alarm out of Glenluce, Reconciliation, Baron Rothschild's c. by John of Gaunt out of Moonshine, Mr. Gratwicke's b. f. by Robert de Gorham out of Henrietta, Valatore, Neva, Bianca, Capella, and Heroine. The Great Metropolitan Handicap (25 sovs. each and 200 added) had 88 subs., 45 declared forfeit, and the remainder ran. Poodle was winner, with Adamas second. The names of the others I give in the order of weighting, with Fisherman heading the list at 9 st. Then come Winkfield, Aleppo, Quince, Pantomime, The Earl, Cerva, Porto Rico, Primus, December, Cockatoo, Gortschakoff, St. Giles, Rosati, Chevalier d'Industrie, Nightshade, Underband, Centurion, Bubble, Dusty Miller, Sir Colin, Indulgence, Gitana, Pinwire, Logie o' Buchan, Dulcamara, Janet, Peeping Tom, Verona, England's Beauty, Codrington, Companion, Sunrise, Dundas, Charles O'Malley, Ombra, Six and Eight-pence, Fright, and Madame Rachel. The Railway Plate went to Squire Watt, with Nightshade second. The others were New Brighton, Olympus, Jesuit, Captain Chaff, Dramatist, Octavia, Ida, Adamant, Mottingham, Primrose, Little Benjamin, Ruth, Black Tommy, Hegriab, The Abbot, Maid of Perth, Gazehound, Rotterdam, Little Sam, and Victor Emanuel. The Paddock Stakes went to Polestar.

The bonus on the Metropolitan Stakes had been made up with great spirit. Cannobie was the winner last year, and is now performing duty for the large number of mares at Cawston, the scene of Old Melbourne's amatory days. Melbourne is now in Yorkshire. Lord Spencer's yearlings only averaged 75 guineas under the hammer, as their Newcourt blood is not much known yet. Lord Londesborough is said to have offered 3000 guineas for Fisherman. Fandango and the Ascot Cup are still connected, in talk.

The exposure of Quinton's jockeying has caused some people to look astonished without trying, while others have had to manufacture astonishment for the occasion. He won 31 out of 212 mounts last season, and many people had a peculiar fashion of backing any horse he rode, or at least appearing to do so, and those latter were not much astonished when some other horse won.

Mr. H. Strafford, the editor of the "Herd Book," is about to fit up his farm at Duddinghill into a "Short-Horn Tattersalls." The first sale is to take place about a week before the Derby, and this institution will no doubt have a very good effect among the agricultural and sporting classes. There are 107 boxes at the Duddinghill Farm. Among the stallions are Vulcan and Chabron. Vulcan is owned by Mr. Strafford, and editors here are supposed to know a thing or two generally on all popular sports.

The hunting movements are still lively, and the arrangements for the future are very spirited. The Southwold Hunt has secured a £1400 subscription for the next three yeats, and new kennels are building at Tedford. The captains will be Fox and Dallas. Jack Morgan and his brother Tom, now in the employ of Lord Henry Bentinck, will be huntsman and whip. The testimonial to Squire Davis has its subscription list headed by the Earl of Bessborough. The Cheshire "difficulty" seems somewhat unfavorable for the "Master," and he has been warned off by the Marquis of Westminster, Lord Delamere, Lord Crewe, Mr. Tomkinson, Mr. Egerton, and other owners of the choice covers. Mr. Drake is likely to claim the Cottesmore hounds, according to contract, and once more enliven the Bicester country, unless the contract causes litigation, and leads to "trouble unexpected," as the old song says, so well known to the "jolly boys" around here—

"There was an old buck in Bicester,
Walking out one day with his sister;
A bull, with a poke,
Tossed her in an oak,
Before the old gentleman missed her."

The University men will show out their muscle to the Londoners to-morrow, from Putney to Mortlake. These eight-oared matches are productive of much emulation. The University crews, it must be remembered, are gentlemen famous for their general excellence in all athletic exercises. The "blue cravats" are like the Yankees—they will not "take a stump" at anything, unless it may be at cricket. On the present occasion, the crews are all picked men, who have been put in training expressly for this particular kind of competition. Of their beef you can judge from the weights. The Oxford crew will average 11 st. 2¼ lb. The Cambridge fellers will average 11 st. 7 lb., all in rowing trim. River movements have commenced well, and we may look for an unusual number of aquatic matches this season.

After all done and being done in the way of individual taste, horse racing is *the* sport of the entire British people. Mr. Ten Broeck's chances at Stockbridge with Prioress are now freely canvassed. As previously stated, the time of running will be on the 25th of June. The distance is two miles. The prize is The Steward's Plate of 100 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, and there are now 40 subscribers. Prioress will have to distinguish herself in "pretty tall" company.

At Brighton, on the 6th of August, Lecomte and Prioress are "in" with very aristocratic company for The Champagne Stakes of 100 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each. There are now 20 subscribers. Among their opponents (in either or both races) may be found entered such "crowders" as Fisherman, Gemma di Vergy, Pretty Boy, New Brighton, Kestrel, Melissa, Lance, Flacrow, etc. This is what I call good company.

Mr. Ten Broeck's purchase here, the two-year-old filly Belle, by Slane out of Miss Fairfield, is entered for the Biennial Stakes at the same meeting on the Brighton course the next day, Aug. 7th.

Belle also has engagements for the Rawcliffe Stakes, at York Aug. 21st; the Bedford Stakes, at Newmarket, Oct. 14; and the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, Oct. 29. In 1858, she is also in for The Oaks at Epsom, in May; the Drawing-Room Stakes at Goodwood, in July; and the St. Leger Stakes at the Newmarket First October. In 1859, she is also in for a Sweepstakes at Goodwood. Thus we shall then be able to judge of the American style of training in an English horse on English ground. LEATHERSTOCKING.

P. S.—I forgot some yachting items, the best of which are from Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool, where the Model Yacht Club of that flourishing place, (situated like your Brooklyn,) are making preparations for a grand opening cruise on the 23d of May. Their first match will be for a £20 cup on the 30th of May. The second is to be for a £15 cup, on the 27th of June. The usual challenge cup, with £5 added, will be sailed for on the 15th of August. This cup is at present held by a member named Wilkinson, who won it last year with the Glide. Their arrangements are such as to allow of being ready to accept any reasonable challenge they may receive. The Birkenhead vessels are among the prettiest that float in the Mersey. L.

MAY-DAY'S SPORT.—RARE CHANCE FOR PEDESTRIANS.—A grand foot race, to come off May 1, over the Cattle Show Track, Worcester, Mass., for the Champion Belt and the balance of the gate money after paying the expenses. This race is open to all pedestrians who reside in the county of Worcester. All who wish to enter for the above prizes will leave their names at Prof. Mollineaux's Pistol Gallery, Foster's Block, opposite the B. and W. Passenger Depot. All who wish to engage in the contest must enter their names three days before the race, in order to give notice who are the contestants. Entrance for the race, $1. Conditions—The race to be mile heats, best two in three. To commence at 3 o'clock, P. M.

No Go.—We learn that in consequence of the Grace Darling Club boat not being "up to time" in regard to the proposed boat race between that club, and the Robert Emmett, both of Boston, the match is off. What's the matter, gentlemen of the Grace Darling?

HALIFAX *vs.* ST. JOHN.—The challenge of the Halifax boatmen has been accepted by our St. John friends for a race for $4,000. It has not yet been settled whether the match shall be decided in Halifax or St. John waters.

FOX HUNTING IN MASSACHUSETTS.—A Berlin, Mass., correspondent states that the residents of that locality have had great sport of late in the way of fox hunting. In the latter part of March, Messrs. Butterby and Brooks, in one day, with one brace of hounds, killed eight foxes!

RULES FOR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

NO. II.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

AS ADOPTED BY THE CONVENTION OF BASE BALL CLUBS,

Held February 25, 1857.

Sec. 1. The ball must weigh not less than 6 nor more than 6¼ ounces avoirdupois; it must measure not less than 10 nor more than 10½ inches in circumference; it must be composed of India rubber and yarn, and covered with leather. It shall be furnished by the challenging Club, and become the property of the winning Club, as a trophy of victory.

Sec. 2. The bat must be round, and must not exceed 2½ inches in diameter, in the thickest part; it must be made of wood, and may be of any length, to suit the striker.

Sec. 3. The bases must be four in number, placed at equal distances from each other, and securely fastened upon the four corners of a square, whose sides are respectively thirty yards. They must be so constructed as to be distinctly seen by the umpires and referee, and must cover a space equal to one square foot of surface; the first, second, and third bases shall be canvas bags, painted white, and filled with sand or saw-dust; the home base and pitcher's point to be each marked by a flat circular iron plate, painted or enameled white.

Sec. 4. The base from which the ball is struck shall be designated the home base, and must be directly opposite to the second base; the first base must always be that upon the right hand, and the third base that upon the left hand side of the striker, when occupying his position at the home base.

Sec. 5. The pitcher's position shall be designated by a line four yards in length, drawn at right angles to a line from home to the second base, having its centre upon that line, at a fixed iron plate placed at a point fifteen yards distant from the home base.

Sec. 6. The ball must be pitched, not jerked nor thrown to the bat, and whenever the pitcher draws back his hand, or moves with the apparent purpose or pretension to deliver the ball, he shall so deliver it. The pitcher must deliver the ball as near as possible over the centre of the home base, and must have neither foot in advance of the line at the time of delivering the ball, and if he fails in either of these particulars, then it shall be declared a baulk.

Sec. 7. When a baulk is made by the pitcher, every player running the bases is entitled to one base, without being put out.

Sec. 8. If the ball from a stroke of the bat is caught behind the range of home and the first base or home and the third base, without having touched the ground, or first touches the ground behind those bases, it shall be termed foul, and must be so declared by the umpires, unasked. If the ball first touches the ground, or is caught without having touched the ground, either upon or in front of the range of those bases, it shall be considered fair.

Sec. 9. A player making the home base, shall be entitled to score one run.

Sec. 10. If three balls are struck at and missed, and the last one is not caught, either flying or upon the first bound, it shall be considered fair, and the striker must attempt to make his run.

Sec. 11. The striker is out if a foul ball is caught, either before touching the ground or upon the first bound;

Sec. 12. Or, if three balls are struck at and missed, and the last is caught either before touching the ground or upon the first bound;

Sec. 13. Or, if a fair ball is struck, and the ball is caught either without having touched the ground or upon the first bound;

Sec. 14. Or, if a fair ball is struck, and the ball is held by an adversary on the first base, before the striker touches that base;

Sec. 15. Or, if at any time he is touched by the ball while in play in the hands of an adversary, without some part of his person being on a base.

Sec. 16. No ace nor base can be made upon a foul ball, nor when a fair ball has been caught without having touched the ground; and the ball shall, in both instances, be considered dead and not in play, until it shall first have been settled in the hands of the pitcher. When a fair ball has been caught without having touched the ground, the players running the bases shall have the privilege of returning to them.

Sec. 17. Players must stand on a line drawn through the centre of the home base not exceeding in length three feet from either side thereof, and such line shall be parallel with the line occupied by the pitcher. They shall strike in regular rotation, and after the first innings is played, the turn commences with the player who stands on the list next to the one who lost the third hand.

Sec. 18. Players must make their bases in the order of striking; and when a fair ball is struck, and not caught flying nor on the first bound, the first base must be vacated, as also the second and third bases, if they are occupied at the same time. Players may be put out upon any base, under these circumstances, in the same manner as the striker when running to the first base.

Sec. 19. Players running the bases must, so far as possible, keep upon the direct line between the bases; and should any player run three feet out of this line, for the purpose of avoiding the ball in the hands of an adversary, he shall be declared out.

Sec. 20. Any player, who shall intentionally prevent an adversary from catching or fielding the ball, shall be declared out.

Sec. 21. If a player is prevented from making a base, by the intentional obstruction of an adversary, he shall be entitled to that base, and not be put out.

Sec. 22. If any adversary stops the ball with his hat or cap, or takes it from the hands of a party not engaged in the game, no player can be put out unless the ball shall first have been settled in the hands of the pitcher.

Sec. 23. If a ball, from the stroke of the bat, is held under any other circumstances than as enumerated in section 22, and without having touched the ground more than once, the striker is out.

Sec. 24. If two hands are already out, no player, running home at the time a ball is struck, can make an ace, if the striker is put out.

Sec. 25. An innings must be concluded at the time the third hand is put out.

Sec. 26. The game shall consist of nine innings to each side, when, should the number of runs be equal, the innings shall be continued until a majority of runs upon an equal number of innings shall be declared, which shall conclude the game.

Sec. 27. In playing all matches, nine players from each club shall constitute a full field, and they must have been regular members of the club which they represent, for thirty days prior to the match. No change or substitution shall be made after the game has been commenced, unless for reason of illness or injury. Positions of players shall be determined by captains, previously appointed for that purpose by the respective clubs.

Sec. 28. Any player holding membership in more than one club, at the same time, shall not be permitted to play in the matches of either club.

Sec. 29. The umpires in all matches shall take care that the regulations respecting the ball, bats, bases, and the pitcher's position, are strictly observed; they shall be the judges of fair and unfair play, and shall determine all differences which may occur during the game; they shall take especial care to declare all foul balls and baulks immediately on their occurrence. They shall together select a referee, from whose decision—in case of a disagreement between them—there shall be no appeal.

Sec. 30. No person engaged in a match, either as umpire, referee or player, shall be either directly or indirectly interested in any bet upon the game. Neither umpire, referee nor player shall be changed during a match, unless with the consent of both parties, except for a violation of this law, and except as provided in section 27, and then the referee may dismiss any transgressor.

Sec. 31. The umpires and referee in any match, shall determine when play shall be suspended; and if the game cannot be concluded, it shall be decided by the last even innings, provided five innings have been played; and the party having the greatest number of runs shall be declared the winner.

Sec. 32. Clubs may adopt such rules respecting balls knocked beyond or outside of the bounds of the field, as the circumstances of the ground may demand, and these rules shall govern all matches played upon the ground, provided that they are distinctly made known to every player and umpire, and the referee, previous to the commencement of the game.

Sec. 33. No person shall be permitted to approach or to speak with the referee, umpires or players, or in any manner to interrupt or interfere during the progress of the game, unless by the special request of the umpires or referee.

Sec. 34. No person shall be permitted to act as umpire or referee in a match, unless he shall be a member of a Base Ball Club, governed by these rules.

Sec. 35. Whenever a match shall have been determined upon between two clubs, play shall be called at the exact hour appointed; and should either party fail to produce their players within fifteen minutes thereafter, the party so failing shall admit a defeat.

BASE BALL.—The votaries of this manly and exhilirating pastime are preparing for the fray on quite an extended scale. Meetings of the various clubs, for the election of officers and appointing the days of practice, are being held almost daily, making it apparent that the ensuing campaign will be one of unusual interest. In order that our readers may be kept posted in regard to all matches to be played, we have delegated one of our reporters to attend all such meetings and report the same; therefore, we shall feel obliged to the secretaries of the different clubs if they will keep us advised in reference to matches to take place, and all other matters that would be of interest to the fraternity generally.

ATLANTIC CLUB, BROOKLYN.—The members of this club, at a meeting held at Sutton's, unanimously elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Thomas Fassie, President; William Babcock, Vice President; E. C. Morehouse, Secretary; and Peter O'Brien, Treasurer. Monday and Thursday of each week have been selected as practice days, at Bedford.

METROPOLITAN CLUB.—At a recent meeting of this club the following gentlemen were chosen as officers for the season of '57: President, E. H. Brown; Vice President, O. R. Steele; Secretary, J. Overhiser; Treasurer, Chas. N. Decker; Game-keeper, M. Folsom; Directors, J. L. Steele, T. E. Carpenter, and J. R. McConnell. Practice days, Wednesday and Saturday, at Hamilton Square.

FOREIGN SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

From Bell's Life in London, April 5, 1857.

AQUATICS.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE EIGHT OARED RACE.—Last year we gave a short account of all the matches which have been rowed between the Universities, since their commencement in 1827, together with the names of the crews on each occasion; it will therefore only be requisite now, having briefly recapitulated the events of the race then rowed, to enter on our chronicles the match which so many had the pleasure of witnessing yesterday. Without attempting to enter particularly into the causes, Cambridge last year came to London with a ready-made reputation, which she sufficiently sustained, whilst Oxford crew, which consisted chiefly of men as yet unknown to fame, came determined to earn one; this, though defeated in the race, they most unquestionably achieved. The race was rowed on one of the most ungenial days for aquatic sports that it is possible to imagine. There was a cold, cutting, strong wind ahead, the water was consequently very rough, and never do we remember the river more blocked up with craft of every description, especially with heavy sailing barges surging across the tide in beating down. All these dangers were manfully braved by both crews, and after 25 minutes of the most determined rowing, during which several changes took place with regard to the lead, Cambridge just contrived to pass the flag boat with something less than half a boat's length in advance of her adversary. The following are the names of the rowers:

OXFORD.	st	lb	CAMBRIDGE.	st	lb
1. P. Gurdon, University	10	6	1. J. P. Salter, Trin Hall	9	11½
2. W. F. Stocken, Exeter	10	0	2. F. C. Alderson, Trinity	10	13
3. R. T. Salmon, Exeter	10	8½	3. R. L. Lloyd, Trinity	11	11
4. A. B. Rocke, Ch Ch	12	8½	4. E. Fairrie, Trin Hall	12	3
5. R. Townsend, Pembroke	12	3	5. H. Williams, St. John's	12	5
6. A. P. Lonsdale, Balliol	11	5½	6. T. M'Cormick, St. John's	12	8
7. G. Bennet, New Coll	10	11	7. H. Snow, St. John's	11	5
8. J. T. Thorley, Wadham	9	13	8. H. R. W. Jones, Trinity	10	3
F. W. Elers, Trinity (cox)	9	2	W. Wingfield (cox)	9	0

Out of the above, the names of Messrs. Thorley, Gourdon, Lonsdale and Elers, in the Oxford boat, and of Messrs. Snow and Lloyd, in that of Cambridge, will be found in the contending crews of yesterday. Mr. Jones, of Trinity, was president of Cambridge, and Mr. Pinckney, of Exeter College, was president of the Oxford University Boat Club; who, although prevented from rowing, was of most material assistance in selecting and training the crew, a service which was subsequently very justly rewarded by the presentation of a piece of plate. J. W. Chitty, Esq., of Exeter, was umpire.

After such a race, in which—as was at the time remarked—the glory was pretty evenly divided by both parties, it is not to be wondered that Oxford was very anxious for a renewal of the contest, and accordingly in November last a challenge was forwarded to Cambridge, and of course immediately accepted. On the meeting of Oxford for the Lent term, 1857, Mr. Lonsdale, who had succeeded Mr. Pinckney in the dignities of the presidency, was fully impressed with the magnitude of the undertaking before him, and lost no time in starting with what he considered might form the nucleus of a future University crew, and by taking out an eight thus early in the season at least twice a week, and trying different men, he was soon enabled to make choice of an eight in every way fit for the service in which they were to be employed. Thus full five weeks before the match he was furnished with a crew fitted immediately to go into active training, and which was actually commenced by them on the 2d March. In the mean time a boat had been ordered of Matthew Taylor, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and that ingenious builder was himself engaged to steer the crew throughout their course of training, and instruct them—instruct Oxford—in the art of rowing! We shall leave it for others who may care to interfere with such matters to express an opinion upon that which, during the last ten or fifteen years, has occupied the attention of so many University oarsmen, contenting ourselves with the repetition of our strong conviction that the employment of watermen as steerers is a system injurious to amateur rowing. There is no doubt that Matthew Taylor is an energetic man, and greatly devoted to his business, both as a builder and a waterman; therefore it is not to be questioned that he discharged his duties to the best of his ability; and in the boat, at all events, he has achieved an eminent success. Matters assumed a somewhat different aspect at Cambridge. It must be understood that there college races occupy some portion of the Lent term, which is not the case at Oxford, and there is no doubt that at times this must be attended with benefit, since it enables the powers that be to select rowers who may appear fit for trial in the University eight; and should time be short, these races may be rowed earlier than usual, curtailed in number, or even omitted. We believe that the middle of these courses was that proposed by Mr. Pearson, of St. John's, the president of the club, at a meeting early in the term, but the eagerness of the college captains for the advancement of their own boats prevailed over patriotism, and proving too strong for the ministry, the measure was thrown out. Thus, then, the month of March had advanced ere a single crew had been tried for the great race, and but four weeks remained to select, to change, to get together, to train. Those who have been concerned in these matters will know how insufficient is the time remaining.

In the face of this difficulty—a difficulty which, we think, should not have been allowed existence—Mr. Pearson set about forming his crew, and brought to the work such zeal and discrimination that, after a few days' rowing, but very slight changes and modifications were found requisite. A boat had been ordered of Messrs. Salter, of Wandsworth, who have, of late, been much patronised by members of the Johnian Club, and who spared no pains to produce a craft that should be worthy of the occasion. The boat is 60 feet long, and on her first trial on the Cam, about a fortnight or three weeks since, she was pronounced a decided success. She is very much on the full-floor principle of the Newcastle build, though her sides flare away somewhat more. On last Thursday week Oxford came to London and took up their quarters at Mr. Kirby's, the White Lion, Putney, a house quite new to such a business, but where, we understand, they were entertained greatly to their satisfaction. The crew rowed over the down course on the same evening, and were surprisingly quick in their performance, indeed, so much so, that betting immediately assumed a shade of odds in their favor. Some watches made the time 19 minutes 45 seconds, and others 20 minutes and 10 seconds—a performance, according to either, quite unprecedented. On the following Saturday Cambridge arrived and proceeded to their favorite abode, the Star and Garter, where, such is the reputation of Mr. Heath, it is needless to say that every comfort and consideration was bestowed upon them during their stay. They also turned out about five o'clock that evening, and although the tide had nearly run its course, rowed from Putney Bridge to the ship at Mortlake just under the twenty-two minutes, and as Oxford had gone up about one hour and a half previously, and performed the distance in about a minute less, the odds required that evening were at least 6 to 4. No allowance, it appears, was made for the difference of time of tide; no allowance for the difference of distance rowed; for Cambridge started from a pier of the goodly old wooden bridge, while Oxford had floated up nearly to the Star and Garter before they were let loose. Throughout the past week both crews continued their practice, though on Monday and Tuesday Oxford was forced to put up with the absence of Mr. Lonsdale, owing to slight indisposition, which it was thought required rest, and Mr. Sergeantson, No. 5 in the Cambridge boat, was also obliged to be carefully nursed through his work, owing to certain symptons of weakness. On Wednesday morning Cambridge rowed against a crew of London watermen, consisting of—1. Messam, 2. Driver, 3. Chitty, 4. H. Phelps, 5. J. Phelps, 6. T. Mackinney, 7. J. Mackinney, 8. H. Kelly, cox, Young Driver; and beat them, after a capital race, by some little distance; and on the following day Oxford rowed with the same watermen, and beat them as easily, giving them a boat's length start, and doing the distance, with a somewhat sluggish tide, in 22 minutes 10 seconds. During this week of practice the rowing of the Cambridge crew improved so manifestly, that on Thursday evening there were not so many to be found eager to bet odds on their opponents, though they still maintained the call unshaken. Although the weather was not of the most congenial order for the spectators ashore, a very great number assembled every day to be witnesses of these trials, and on one or two occasions a Cambridge scratch eight went out with their younger brethren, to give them the advantage of a start alongside. Among these we noticed Messrs. Jones, who rowed stroke in last year's race, Macnaghten, Courage, Wright, Fairrie, Vincent, &c.

Yesterday morning precisely at 8:45 Citizen C, the steamer set apart for the conveyance of the umpire, an office which had again been kindly undertaken by J. W. Chitty, Esq., fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, left Waterloo Bridge, having on board a large party, most of whom have been, in their time, distinguished as University oarsmen. The morning was dull, and rain fell at times.

Although the race was, owing to the earlinessness of the tide, appointed at an hour not very congenial to the tastes and habits of men who are wont to attend rowing matches, it lacked none of the features of excitement of former days—indeed there were, we think, more steamers than ever seen afloat before at one race; we counted eleven, and there might have been one or two more behind, for many were in that unenviable position. It was a moist morning, the wind blowing freshly from the southward, accompanied by that description of fall which has a very familiar habit of soon approaching the skin, and as designated *par excellence* a Scotch mist. This abated as the time approached for the great struggle, but came on with renewed force the very instant the word "off" was given. The hot-water machines began to carry up their freights from London Bridge as early as a quarter to nine, as it had been generally understood that the race would be started at half-past ten at the latest. This, however, as it will be seen, was not the fact, and therefore the assembled multitude, those who adorned boats, bridges, and shore, had ample opportunity for reflection and conjecture upon what would be the fortune of the day. Mr. Chitty, of the Oxford University, was umpire, and was early on board the boat allotted to a select party of University men, and chartered by Jem Parish. At half-past 10 the Cambridge men were in their boats, and had a turn down the river through Putney Bridge, to take "the chill off," preferring that, we suppose, to the chance of taking "cold without;" during which time their compeers were found nearer the bridge, awaiting the return of the Cantabs, who were not long out of sight. Mr. E. Searle was in a boat between the two crews, ready to start them, that important duty having been delegated to him as usual.

THE RACE.

Oxford, as usual, had the good fortune to win the choice of station, and took the northward, and, at eleven precisely, they made a very capital start. The names and weights of the crews, corrected up to the latest moment, were as follows:—

OXFORD.	st	lb	CAMBRIDGE.	st	lb
1. R. W. Risley, Exon	11	2½	1. A. P. Holme, Trinity	11	8
2. P. Gurdon, University	10	12½	2. A. Benn, Emmanuel	11	5
3. T. Arkell, Pembroke	11	0¾	3. W. H. Holley, Trin Hall	11	8
4. R. Martin, Corpus	11	12½	4. A. L. Smith, Trinity	11	2
5. W. H. Wood, University	11	9½	5. J. J. Sergeantson, Trinity	12	4
6. E. Warrie, Balliol	12	3½	6. R. L. Lloyd, Magdalene	11	11
7. A. P. Lonsdale, Balliol	11	8¾	7. P. Pearson, St. John's	11	4
8. J. T. Thorley, Wadham	10	0½	8. H. Snow, St. John's	11	7
F. W. Elers, Trinity (cox)	8	13½	R. Wharton, Magd. (cox)	9	2

The Cambridge oars "clipped" the water first, but the advantage was only that of a second, for after the first dozen pulls, in which they were almost oar and oar, Oxford began the work of drawing themselves clear, which they effected off the Vice Chancellor's, and from that moment to the conclusion of the race increased their lead. There was bad steering observable on both sides, particularly on that of Oxford at Hammersmith Bridge, but all the crews, fore and aft, without exception—winners and losers—worked hard and plucky to the last. The Oxonians passed under Hammersmith Bridge in 8 min. 40 sec., were at the end of Chiswick Eyot in 13 min. They were at Barnes Railway Bridge 18 min. 55 sec. after the start, and finished as follows:—

	M.	S.
OXFORD (winners)	time 22	50
CAMBRIDGE	time 23	25

Difference 35 seconds.

The betting at starting was 5 and 6 to 4 on Oxford.

GREAT SCULLERS' RACE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES AND £400.—The last deposit but one, in this match, of £20 a-side will be made to-morrow (Monday) evening, at Mr. W. Herrick's the Clarence Arms, Kingston, and will, probably, be attended by a large number of sporting men. The betting on the University race of yesterday (Saturday) led to this match being talked about, and a great deal of money was laid out. Kelly was said to do the mile in less time than any one had ever done it, and, consequently, there was a run in favor of him.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

APR. 13.—Gilliam and Mottle—£10 a side, near Portsmouth.
14.—Hatton and Campbell—£20 a side, London.
14.—Caledonian Mouse and Bell—£10 a side, London.
22.—Cobley and Crockett—£100 a side, London.
MAY 12.—Hayes and Travers—£100 a side, London.
JUNE 2.—Tonge and Tighe—£25 a side, Manchester.
8.—Riley and Rafferty—£20 a side, Birmingham.
16.—The Tipton Slasher and Tom Sayers—£200 a side and the Champion's Belt, London.
23.—Dan Morris and Brooks—£50 a side, London.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—PERRY AND SAYERS.—The 5th deposit of £10 a-side, for this important match, was duly posted on Thursday night, in the presence of a large number of admirers of the art.

HAYES AND TRAVERS.—The 5th deposit of £10 a-side for this match, was accounted for at Nat Langham's, on Wednesday last.

BOB BRETTLE, OF BIRMINGHAM, AND MADDEN, OF LONDON.—Madden pays a visit to Birmingham to draw up articles with Brettle on Tuesday evening next. The ceremony is to take place at Bob Brettle's domicile.

PEDESTRIANISM.

CAPTAIN JOHNSON (OF THE RIFLES) AGAINST TIME.—In this match which took place at Lord's Cricket Ground, on the 28th March, the gallant captain undertook, for a bet of a pony a-side, to perform the following feats: To run 100 yards in 12sec., 200 yards in 24 sec., 400 yards in 1 min. 4sec., and jump 16 feet—the whole to be accomplished within half-an-hour from the commencement. This match against the common enemy "Time," excited a lively interest, and in the mess-room and elsewhere, "Old Chronos" was the favorite, notwithstanding the well-known pluck, speed and ability of the gallant captain. The match had been appointed for 2 o'clock, and soon after that hour the captain, under the care of the well-known Jemmy Patterson, made his appearance, wearing a crimson body dress. On commencing the match, the captain decided on running the 200 yards first, and after the timekeeper (Major Astley) had adjusted his chronometer, the appointed signal was given, when the captain dashed off in first-rate style, and on arriving at the goal was declared to be winner, having accomplished the distance in 23½sec. The next feat attempted was the jump, and this he also successfully accomplished, gallantly clearing nearly 17 feet. After a brief interval, the captain made ready to run the 100 yards in 12sec. On starting he went off at a fine pace, but on the finish he was declared by the referee to have lost by one second, though there was a diversity of opin

on on the subject, several gentlemen who timed the race making the captain a winner. All imagined they were correct, and when "doctors differ, who shall decide?" The captain having plenty of time in hand, was asked to make another attempt, but this he could not be prevailed upon to do, stating, as a reason, that he was confident he could not now win the match; therefore, under these circumstances, Old Time proved the winner, the quarter-of-a mile race not being attempted.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

A NATIONAL CHESS TOURNAMENT.

NEW YORK, April, 17th, 1857.

It is certainly a notable fact that Americans have exhibited, during the last few years, an enlarged appreciation of the game of chess and a growing fondness for its practice. The depth and extent of this manifestation is sufficiently indicated by a rapid increase in the number of Amateurs and Clubs, by the successful establishment of a magazine especially devoted to the interests of the chess community, by the regular insertion of chess matter in several of our weekly journals, and by the interest everywhere felt and expressed in recent contests by correspondence between our different cities.

These evidences of the progress and popularity of the game have induced a desire among many friends of chess for a great National Tournament, similar, in some respects, to the celebrated Congress held at London in the year 1851, and to that gathering which is about to take place in one of the inland cities of England. It is believed that such an assemblage of American players would serve at once to illustrate and assist the advancement of chess in this country. It would exert a wide and enduring influence upon popular opinion and, in its ultimate results, would establish our elegant pastime on the same broad footing of public favor which it has so long occupied among the nations of Europe. By its means, too, many distinguished cultivators of chess, not known to each other, for the most part, only by reputation, would become personally acquainted. The actual relative rank of our foremost practitioners, at present a matter of frequent dispute, would be determined by an unimpeachable criterion. It would afford, not only to those participating, but to devotees of Caissa everywhere, a large amount of instruction and delight. And particularly at this time does such a convention seem more than ever desirable and proper, in order to pronounce authoritatively upon the acceptance or rejection, as far as this country is concerned, of the forthcoming revised code of chess laws.

Actuated by considerations already enumerated, the New York Chess-Club has appointed a local corresponding Committee with the view of ascertaining the feasibility of such an undertaking. The members of that committee, in the execution of the duty assigned them, would propose to their chess brethren throughout the United States:

I. The holding of a National Tournament of American chess players at an early period and in a convenient and accessible locality.

II. The appointment of similar Committees in our chief cities, empowered to correspond with each other in reference to the time and place of meeting and to settle all other preliminary arrangements.

III. The collection of a fund, by general subscription, sufficiently large to allow of prizes of respectable amounts to those players and problem composers who shall prove themselves most worthy thereof, and to defray the expenses of publishing a full account of the entire proceedings including a selection of the games played and of the problems competing for prizes.

The committee would request those Clubs and Players to whom this Circular may be sent, to address their replies to the TOURNAMENT COMMITTEE, New York Chess-Club, No. 19 East Twelfth Street, New York.

CHARLES D. MEAD,
JAMES THOMPSON,
FREDERIC PERRIN,
W. W. MONTGOMERY,
DANIEL W. FISKE,
Committee of The New York Club.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. Y. Z., SENIOR.—Neither a forced mate, nor an overwhelming superiority of force, are requisite to decide a game between first rates. Staunton, Horwitz and Lowenthal all decide it an indefensible game, and we have neither time nor inclination to spend upon the question of whether it *might be* protracted a few moves. Doubtless it might. If you will really make the proposition you name, no doubt we can find you a customer. Thank you for personal compliments.

FERROZ, Philad'a.—We *do* always "care about hearing from a stranger," if he is a lover of our universal game; so let that title be no longer applicable between us. The problems are flawless and correctly printed in every instance you name. You have failed to discover the attack in No. 56, (White Q,) and the Defence in the others. "Be sure," &c.

E. HATCH, N. Y.—We were in hopes of receiving some variations at your hands, but——don't let your correspondence cease now.

E. J. W., Boston.—We hope to have some of your games; can you not get us one or two of Mr. Hammond's? Brush him up for the Tournament. Get Dr. R. out, if possible. Try the variation of game 56 with the players, we seldom have time properly to examine such questions on games once past. Please send a diagram of your four move problem that accompanied the 7 pounder. We tried to examine it for publication, but cannot decipher the position of some of the pieces from your notation. Diagrams in different colored inks are always safest and most acceptable.

R. M. H., Esq.—One this week; more anon. We are afraid not: Mr. Fuller has definitively laid aside chess *for the present*, and has been put *pro forma* upon the list of Hon. Mems. of the Club.

ALONZO, Salem, Mass.—"Honestly," with a fair share of study and practice, you may hope to attain a more than mediocre rank in chess; but a few of the principal works on the science of the game will be indispensable to you. We would advise you not to accept *that* challenge, at present.

DELTA, Boston.—One, problem; the other, enigma—when we get to them.

E. S. BREWSTER, Pittsfield, Mass.—"One a month," and as valuable as your letters always are, is certainly better than a mess of trash every week. If your games have anything like the excellence of your problems, depends upon seeing the whole of them—sometime.

T. M. B., Newark, N. J.—Don't blame you for feeling "sort o' contented" over *that*; it is put on the "short docket." Glad of that information. The "burning" can't be did.

DE PREFONTAINE, Philad'a.—You are incorrigibly a bad boy. We rejoice at any turn of affairs that will again turn us up a line now and then from "Un Pion."

E. F. G., Alexandria, Va.—Welcome to our long list of contributors! Let us often have from you a report of chess men and chess doings in your city and vicinity. We entirely endorse your opinion of the "Sarcophagus;" a finer evolving of a chess fantasy can scarcely be found.

A. N. ONYMOUS, Buffalo, N. Y.—The problem *is* pretty, and, we believe, sound: but pray let us change the "challenge" to "dedicated," or leave it off altogether.

CAMBRIDGE, Boston.—The news contained in your last letter is most welcome, truly. Now for the locality.

METELLUS, Boston.—X. Y. Z., informs us that he aims especially at you in his present challenge. Can you not secure *us* some correspondence from your able friend Martin?

NEMO, (where?)—Nothing would afford us greater pleasure than to help your onward progress at chess. Get and study the best books; Staunton, Lewis, Jœnisch, &c. Problem too long past to re-examine.

A READER, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Procure, by all means, the book named, and, after a good degree of progress in that, Staunton's "Chess-player's Handbook." "Hoyle's Games," (new edition) is worth the full price of the book for "Frere's Chess-player's Handbook," alone. Ask us freely and at all times for any information or assistance we can render you.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 53. (AMENDED.)

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..Q to K R 8 +	R to B 3 *best*	4..Q to Kt 8 +	P to Q 3 *best*
2..Q R 2 +	R-B 5	5..Q × P +	Q × Q
3..Q her Kt 2 +	Kt-Q 5	6..B × Q mate.	

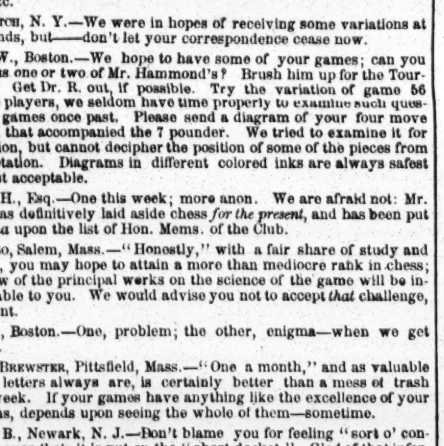
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 57.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..Q × K P +	R × Q +	3..K to Q 6	Anything
2..K × R	B-B 2 + *best*	4..B-K 2 mate.	

PROBLEM NO. 59.—BY E. S. BREWSTER.

(An idea from one of Eugene B. Cook's problems—the position is similar, but the mate entirely different.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in five moves.

☞ Of Problem 58 and Enigmas 55 and 56 we have not yet received the solution.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA NO. 57.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..P × B	K × R	3..B to K 6 +	K moves
2..K-B 6	K-Q 2	4..P or R mates.	

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA NO. 58.

White.	Black.
1..R to K B 4 +	K × R
2..B-K 8 +	K × B
3..R-R 4 mate.	

GAME NO. 59.

Being the late game by correspondence between our contributors "E. Hatch," of New York, and "Alonzo," of Salem, Mass.

GIUOCO PIANO.

White, E. Hatch.	Black, Alonzo.	White, E. Hatch.	Black, Alonzo.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	15..B to Q R 3	Q to K sq
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	16..K Kt-his 4	P-K R 4
3..K B-Q B 4	B-Q B 4	17..Kt-K 3	P-K 4
4..Castles *a*	P-Q 3	18..Kt Q B 2	K Kt-B 3
5..P-K R 3	Q B-K 3	19..B-Q Kt 4	P-Q B 3 *e*
6..B × Q B *b*	B P × B	20..Q-K 2 *f*	P × Q P
7..P-Q 3	Q-K 2 *c*	21..P × Q P	Q-K Kt 3 *g*
8..P-Q B 3	Castles *d*	22..R-Q Kt sq *h*	P-K 6 *i*
9..P-Q Kt 4	B-Q Kt 3	23..Kt × K P	Kt-K 5 *best*
10..P-Q Kt 5	Kt-Q R 4	24..Kt-K B 3 *j*	Q-K sq
11..P-Q R 4	P-Q 4	25..B × Q Kt	B × B
12..Q Kt-Q 2	K Kt-B 3	26..P × P	Q × P
13..Kt × K P	P × K P	27..Kt-K B 5	K R-K sq
14..P-Q 4 *must*	Kt-Q 2	28..Kt-Q 5 *k*	Surrendered.

NOTES BY ALONZO.

This game was commenced March 27th, 1856, and concluded April 3d, 1857.

a This was an unexpected move to Black; he, being a young player, did not know the proper answer.

b [We do not like this, believing that it gives the Defence some advantage in position. To Q Kt 3d, rather.—ED.]

c Rather K Kt to B 3d, and castle with K. R.

d We should prefer P. to Q R 4th.

e Exposing his K for for nothing. We wish it understood that a mere novice played the Black men.

f Having now a strong attack.

g We think Kt to Q 4th a good move. White could not capture P, without the loss of a Kt.

h With a winning game.

i An error. Black saw (afterwards) that he could not take P with R, on the next move.

j All this is good play.

k The closing moves of this game are well played by White. Alonzo believes that had he played as suggested at the 21st move, he would have had at least an *even* game. What thinks E. Hatch?

ENIGMA NO. 59.

BY R. M. H.

WHITE.—K at Q R 5; R at K 3; B at K Kt 7; Kt at Q B 5; P's at K R 3, and K Kt 2d.

BLACK.—K at his Kt 4; R at Q B 7; B's at K 6, and K sq; Kt's at K Kt 3, and K Kt sq; P's at Q R 5, K R 3, and 5th.

White to play and mate in four moves.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA

NUMBER ONE.—SCOTCH GAMBIT.

White—Boston.	Black—Philad'a.
9..P takes Q 2d P	B to Q Kt 3
10..P to K R 3	Q B to Q R 3
11..Q Kt to B 3	

NUMBER TWO.—EVANS GAMBIT.

White—Philad'a.	Black—Boston
9..Q B to Kt 2	K Kt to B 3
10..P to Q 5	Q Kt to K 2

BETWEEN DE PREFONTAINE AND LOPEZ.

White—De Prefontaine.	Black—Lopez.
15..B to K B 4	Castles with K R
16..Kt to Q 4	K Kt to his 3
17..Kt to K B 5	Kt takes B

BETWEEN STAMMA AND MIDNIGHT.

Black—Stamma.	White—Midnight.
9..Q Kt to B 3	Castles
10..Q B to K B 4	K R to K sq
11..Q Kt to K 2	K B to his 3
12..Q Kt to K Kt 3	

BETWEEN EN PRISE AND X. Y. Z., SENIOR.

White—En Prise.	Black—X. Y. Z.
21..R takes B	Q to K R 3
22..P to Q B 5	Kt to Q R 3
23..K to R sq	

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

☞ Philadelphia, Why don't you "face the music?" How about that $1000 challenge of the "Buffalo boys?" Can't "somethin' be did?" Clifford, why *don't* you speak to me?

We discontinue the match game between Harry Boles and B., of Boston, by request of the last named gentleman.—[ED. D. D.

THE MOVE.

From Anderson's Treatise.

An Exposition of the Theory of the Move and its Changes, with the Natural System of Numbering the Board, in Accordance with the Improved Theory. By John Patterson, Mathematician, 70 Abbotsford Place, Glasgow.

METHOD OF CALCULATING THE MOVE.

To find whether you have the move when it is your turn to play: RULE—Add together all the pieces, both Black and White, in *either* set of homologous rows, and if their *sum* is odd, you have the move; but if even, you have not.

As in reckoning from your single corner, according to Definition 2, the rows in the *odd* set, whether taken vertically or horizontally, always begin with a Black square, (the play being on the Black squares,) and the rows in the *even* set, always with a White. This furnishes an excellent guide to the eye in applying the rule; and it matters not whether you use the vertical or horizontal rows, the squares in these being identical, though we count vertically, and from our own side towards our adversary's.

NOTE.—In place of adding the pieces, you can calculate the move with equal accuracy, by adding the *vacant squares* in either set; an odd number of vacant squares will indicate that you have the move; for, if the pieces in either set are odd, the number of vacant squares in either set must also be odd.

ABBREVIATION OF THE RULE.

Add together all the *single* pieces and all the *single* vacant squares on the rows of either set, and if their sum is odd, you have the move; but if even, you have not.

Let it be observed, that you will *find* the single pieces only on such rows of the set as contain one piece, and the single vacant squares only on such as contain three pieces; and you omit all the rows of the set which contain two or four pieces, because an even number does not affect the result—the principle of the rule being obviously to ascertain whether the number in either set is odd, or even, without regard to its magnitude. In using this abbreviated form of the rule, you will never count more than ONE on any given row, and THREE will be the greatest sum in the whole set when you have the move, and FOUR when you have not.

The rule may be expressed otherwise, thus: find all those rows in either set which contain an odd number of pieces; if the sum of these rows is odd you have the move, but if even, you have not.

In the original series of letters to Mr. Nielson, while we gave this second form of the abbreviated rule, we also showed it to be *less expeditious* than the first, though it has a most specious appearance.

It is better to always adhere to the same method, and we *decidedly* prefer the first.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARTIN.—Your letter lies before us. The criticism referred to, is of "no account." We publish the "Bay State" this week. When space will admit, *will* publish two games. "Blind Man's" name is Charles Tarbell.

J. S.—Accept our ☞, friend J. S. We feel perfectly assured that we shall continue to understand each other in future. The omission of your acceptance was unintentional. We will publish your game next week.

H. MARTIN FULTON.—We will endeavor to find you a customer. No expenses incurred in playing a match through the CLIPPER.

B., of Boston.—All right. We perfectly agree with you regarding "Patterson's Theory of the Move;" it is "highly interesting."

A. G.—Solutions O. K. Move on diagram. J. H., of Dundas, wishes to play you one game only, at present.

ALONZO.—We will publish your communication referring to the "Tournament." *Do* let us hear from you. Susquehanna is "Sam's" locality, and *not* Lancaster.

SAM TWELVES.—Move on hand.

METELLUS.—"Welcome home." We reserve a "state berth" and "plum duff" for you on board the CLIPPER. So "heave ahead."

J. H., of Dundas.—All that will be necessary in your match game is this: forward your move to the Editor of the New York CLIPPER, No. 30 Ann street, New York. No expenses accrue, except postage on your communications. By all means send along those positions.

A. F.—Metellus accepts your challenge, and moves 11 to 15, choosing Black men. If agreeable to you, he will play another, choosing White, and giving you choice of move.

B. HINES, ESQ.—We publish the end-game presented by you some weeks since. Please accept our apology for its late appearance.

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 105.

NEW SERIES.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..19 to 16	12 to 19	7.. 3 to 7	6 to 9
2..24 15	3 12	8.. 7 10	9 13
3..15 10	6 15	9..10 15	18 22
4..32 27	31 24	10..26 17	13 22
5..28 3	14 18 *a*	11..20 16	12 19
6..30 26	2 6	12..15 24, and wins.	

a There is a variation given at this point—but it does not alter the result.

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 103.

NEW SERIES.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..22 to 26	8 to 15	3..23 to 14	30 to 23
2.. 7 10	14 7	4..27 2, and wins.	

GAME NO. 56.

NEW SERIES.

Played some time ago between Martin and a Boston player.

BAY STATE.

Black, Martin.	White, Mr. ——.	Black, Martin.	White, Mr. ——.
1.. 9 to 14	22 to 18	10..11 to 18	23 to 5
2.. 5 9 *a*	25 22	11.. 4 8	32 28
3..10 15	24 19	12..12 16	19 12
4..15 24	28 19	13..10 15	26 23
5.. 7 10	29 25	14.. 8 11	23 19
6..11 16	27 24	15..11 16	19 10
7..16 20	31 27	16.. 6 15	22 17
8.. 8 11	21 17 *b*	17..15 18	17 14
9..14 21	18 15	18.. 2 6, Black wins.	

a The Bay State first appeared in the CLIPPER in a game by Harry. It is formed by the first three moves.

b The only play to avoid instant defeat by a crowded game.

DRAUGHT ENIGMAS.

POSITION NO. 35.—OLD SERIES.

By H. Curtis.

Black men at 1, 4, 12, 13, 19, and 20. Black Kings at 17, 27, and 29. White men at 7, 16, 18, 22, and 28. White Kings at 3 and 11.

White to play and win.

POSITION NO. 36.—OLD SERIES.

By Martin. Dedicated to B., of Philadelphia.

Black men at 1, 2, and 12.
White man at 10. White King at 14.

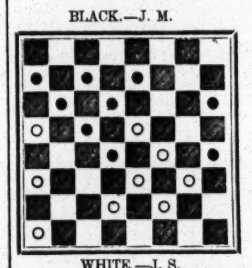
Either to move—White to win.

POSITION NO. 107.

NEW SERIES.

End-Game between J. S. and J. M.

BLACK.—J. M.



WHITE.—J. S.

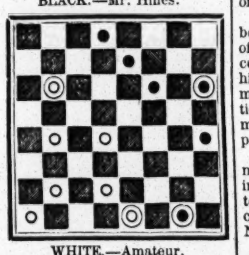
White to play and draw.

POSITION NO. 108.

NEW SERIES.

End-Game between B. Hines, Esq., and an Amateur.

BLACK.—Mr. Hines.



WHITE.—Amateur.

Black to play and win.

MATCH GAMES

BETWEEN ALONZO AND SAM TWELVES.

Black—Sam Twelves.		White—Alonzo.	
19.. 5	14	18	9
20..10	15	23	18
21..15	19		

BETWEEN UNCLE SAM AND J. S., OF WINCHESTER.

NUMBER ONE.

White—J. S.		Black—Uncle Sam.	
8..27	18	7	10
9..32	27	9	13

NUMBER TWO.

White—Uncle Sam.		Black—J. S.	
7..32	28	10	14
8..28	24		

BETWEEN B. OF BOSTON, AND THE UNKNOWN.

White—B of Boston.		Black—Unknown.	
1..22 to 18		10 to 14	
2..25	22	11	16
3..29	25		

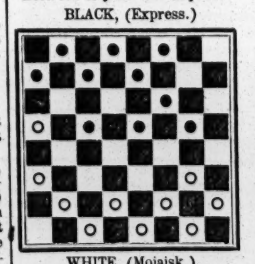
BETWEEN METELLUS AND A. F.

Black—Metellus.		White—A. F.	
1..11	15		

MATCH GAME.

Between Mojaisk and Express.

BLACK, (Express.)



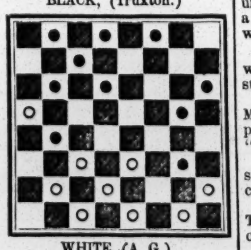
WHITE, (Mojaisk.)

White to move.

MATCH GAME.

Between Truxton and A. G.

BLACK, (Truxton.)



WHITE, (A. G.)

White to move.*

* We prefer not to make too many moves in one week, for fear some of our readers might lose the "thread of the narrative."

AMUSEMENTS.

Theatricals—Circuses—Ethiopian Minstrelsy, &c.

PLAYS, PLAYS, PLAYS.—THE STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMAS, and all other published Plays, for sale by S. FRENCH, 121 Nassau street, New York, price 12½ cents each, ten for $1; bound volumes, $1. A new play published every week. Complete lists sent by mail, *free*, when requested. 29-3m

WHILE preparing our weekly manifest of theatrical affairs, we think it a safe presumption that all those who do us the honor to read our preliminary remarks would also—most likely—not be of a matter-of-fact unpoetical cast of mind. As the renowned William Warren says for Pedro, (in one of Manager Smith's admirable versions of "Cinderella" at the Boston Museum,) "I don't *un*-dress myself to you, sir." We are very much like Pedro as an ambassador; when we "speak to the throne" we care for no flunky Alidoro. The Drama is our Cinderella; and, although, like poor Pedro, we may err in the process of our diplomacy, we never have a doubt of faith that she is the veritable owner of the immaculate glass-slipper conferred by the spiritual agents of Goodness.

Some people may be amused or instructed with a "Ready Reckoner" or "Interest Tables," and we shall not deny their proper influence in suitable times and places. All we contend for is that while the trees wave a roaring welcome to the west winds, the birds chant a morning hymn to the sun in the east, the stars shine brighter in the purity of the northern halo, and the magnolia fields in the south offer up their incense, the great majority of mankind must and ever will sympathize with the lyrical or dramatic expression of characteristic poetry. This is proved in the "divine afflatus" of the ancient poets, the "noble rage" of Gray, and the "fine phrensy" of Shakespeare. Such has ever been the case, in all history, comic or tragic, from the time of the siege of Ilium to that of the grand charge at Balaklava.

Having mentioned the distinctive creation of Shakespeare's characters in our article of last week, we beg leave to say enough now for a general proof of the assertion. We shall discuss the feminine characters first, as most deserving of honor in fact and of faith in poetry. Mere weakness is not necessarily womanly, any more than mere strength is manly; but unideal weakness would be mere silliness, and unideal strength would be mere brutality. The element of idealism belongs to the feminine character. When we observe it decidedly lacking, or merely deficient, we are shocked. Shakespeare knew the allotments for each.

Just at the present time, when there is a "cheap and nasty" style of excitement, in relation to feminine character, so very prevalent that some actresses have taken up the intensity school for a trade, it may be worth while to examine Shakespeare's treatment of female characters. With a favorite modern poet we may say of Shakespeare—

"Others abide our questions. Thou art free.
We ask and ask: thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foiled searching of mortality;
And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored, self-secure,
Didst walk on earth unguessed at. Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow."

We have his works. "The Tempest" is first, and Miranda is among the first of the great Poet's feminine creations. She dwells upon an island with her father, Prospero. She is fearless and delighted, while in the midst of mystery and romantic beauty. The storm brings the Prince, and with him comes love. The visionary world is superseded (for a time) by the actual. The dreams of the maiden are merged into a real human passion. Her affections greet the Prince in all the loyalty of true womanhood. What Shakespeare made use of as a fable in outward fact has become a truth in the inward life. This inner life is not only the province of the poet but the recipient of the present instruction from his creations.

In Imogen we have an example of purity in married life, notwithstanding the treachery of a husband who subjects her to degrading trials. To enrich her wifehood, Imogen brings together the gentle graces of a girl with the deep wisdom of a woman.

In Miranda, there is something of the preternatural to separate us; Imogen is somewhat obscured in uncertain time, enough to bother Dr. Johnson; and Perdita seems lost in an uncertainty of space. And yet this dimness of tracery renders their qualities more suggestive and refined. These three named may be considered as moral models.

There are three others, beautifully statuesque—Viola, Olivia, and Rosalind. The first has given her heart to her youthful fancy, and her loveliness is soon made acquainted with danger. She must needs have a Duke whom she has not seen; but when she does see him, and the more her passion grows, the more carefully she guards the secret of her love until fairly convicted by circumstantial evidence.

In Olivia (same play) we observe an example of the contrary. She knows Viola's Duke, but could not love him while she did love his page. This may seem an absurdity to the "world's people," but it is just the right kind of logic for love and loyalty.

In Rosalind we have the outpouring of a poetical spirit in a wilderness of adventures. The enlargement of her affections and the solution of her matrimonial destiny form one of Shakespeare's most beautiful tributes to feminine loveliness of character.

Poor Ophelia, too, is like Viola in so far as not telling her love. We discover it more by inference than observation. Still, there can be no doubt of her devotion to the inscrutable Hamlet.

Then again, as if for contrast, we have the very majesty of voluptuousness in Cleopatra. She is emphatically the embodiment of impassioned womanhood. But, when Shakespeare has to deal with a character like Cressida, his good taste prevents him from making her appear as an excusable example to follow. Shakespeare knew that all his predecessors, who were guided by true genius, always admitted the fact that vice is more fatal in women than in men. His care to exalt the actual of womanhood shows that he would not be guilty of clouding the ideal. Every true poet knows that the ideal is (in poetry) the essential of the actual. The modern muddle-headed French fashion-mongers know nothing of this. They *will* go on dishing up lorettes, and deifying doubtful drabs or trulls.

The heroism of Shakespeare's women does not depend upon heroic surroundings, nor upon tragic elevation. What can be more sportive, simple, or self-sustaining in social truth, than the two wives in "The Merry Wives of Windsor?" He would not be content with showing how the passion of love may rack and break the human heart—he has proved how it may bless and purify us. He never forgets that woman is the grace and glory of Divine creation—as Moses and Christianity had taught before him

Having said so much (little as possible) of the female characters created by the genius of Shakespeare we can now say but very little of the male creations. We may well use the title of "summary."

In Othello's farewell we are led to contemplate the past. In Macbeth's soliloquy, when told of the Queen's death, there is the future of a man dying but not knowing it. When Othello learns the innocence of Desdemona, after her death, what can be more forlorn than his "Where shall Othello go?" unless it is the low and lonely murmur—"O fool, fool, fool!" Macbeth also teaches us a proper estimation of worldly vanity when he gives vent to that fine soliloquy, "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," etc. Can our praying and preaching purveyors equal them?

In the cultivation of the social affections, where shall we find any models to excel those of Lear or Cordelia? Lear, himself dying, says, imploringly, "Cordelia, stay a little." After a pause of the most terrible pathos, he bursts out with "Why should a dog, a horse, a cat, have life, and thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more! Never, never, never, never!"

The genius of Shakespeare does not deal in getting up pathos on the Canal street plan. He makes his characters the dramatic agencies which convey the expression of thought both to and from the soul. When we see the individuality of those characters they are like looking-glasses to our own individuality. Shakespeare's dialogues are all in the most fresh and graphic idiom of spontaneous utterance. Hence we find that upstarts and pretenders always try to shirk from attempting any Shakespearean character, but prefer to float on the ripple of some temporary swell of ephemeral excitement.

The grandeur of Shakespeare is not derived from any accidental accessories of greatness. Title or position are not required for any such effect. The souls of his characters are made plain to our souls, and our feelings have full fellowship—whether reading in our own home or at a public representation at a theatre. The comic or the semi-comic, the nobleman or the peasant, alike interest our sympathies. We think, feel, and act, with them as represented; thus becoming critics without knowing why or wherefore, except that our souls have become absorbed in the personifications. Every individual in an audience helps the giving and taking of a social picture, for good or for evil.

We may fairly conclude, therefore, that although the excellence of Shakespeare might not always be equaled, yet we can be more certain that the standard of taste is sadly deteriorated and perverted whenever such plays as merely exhibit the ebullitions and weaknesses of human passions take the place on the stage of those splendid lessons in the government of passion which Shakespeare loved to depict, and the truly wise have always loved to illustrate, in the sublime teachings of the Drama.

CITY SUMMARY.

The most refreshing item of the week is the production of "The Money Question," which, although adapted from the French of the Junior Dumas, is actually without a lorette, an adulteress, or a case of consumption and pocket handkerchiefs. Of course, however, it is a "sensation." The most amusing fact in connection is that the author undertakes to read the world a lesson on the subject of loving money a little too much. This is a little too much of a good thing, and shows what a "blessed cheek" young Alexander has.

A new comedy and a new farce are in rehearsal at Wallack's, where the most jolly times continue to be kept up by the admirable stock company at that house.

The Italian Opera Company at Niblo's Garden are not successful. Madame Gazzaniga deserves a better fate. Miss Adelaide Phillips improves admirably. Brignoli and Amodio are just floating along in "demnition disgust."

There is a place in the Bowery, between Stanton and Houston streets, where "Miscellaneous Amusements" are on the board for six cents admission money. Must we put this concern on our list?

Burton's New Theatre jogs along about as usual. Is that "Winter's Tale" to "linger in the lap of Spring," or to be considered as "laid on the shelf?" How would burlesques and a shilling pit go?

Charles M. Walcot has written a very amusing history of the Olympiads in the progress of the Old Mitchell institution. The Olympic has now become sufficiently distant in remembrance to make its history desirable, and Mr. Walcot is evidently just the man to sketch it with good taste and cordial feelings. The success of the Olympic is a mystery, as the facts appear, but the causes were natural enough. Mr. Mitchell had a practical good sense which is better adapted for pioneer improvements than all the scholarship ever attained. We wish there were more Olympics and more Mitchells in this great and juvenile country. The "utilitarian principle" is what the circumstances require. The next best imitation of Mitchell we know of is in the Boston Museum and its admirable management by a gentleman of the old school (Manager W. H. Smith) has now made it one of the best theatres in the world. The audiences, the performers, and the choice of pieces, have all risen by proper gradations. Expediency and adaptation seem to have been always considered. Undoubtedly, some of the departures from the old standing rules of business in the parent country may seem somewhat ridiculous at first mention; but, we are a fast people, and the time soon arrives when we also can present to the world models for imitation. "Old Mitch" was a Napoleon in his way, and could adapt himself to any company under any circumstances, Mr. Walcot has done himself great honor by his agreeable manner of honoring the memory and public services of such a man as Manager Mitchell.

Mr. Walcot's sketch of "The Old Olympic Theatre" has been contributed to the latest number of the Boston "Saturday Evening Gazette," and we hope to see it "go the rounds." We can endorse every word of it, with only one exception—it is the first time we ever heard of Ben Baker being inclined to industry—but this is a very insignificant discount upon the currency of so sterling and agreeable a contribution to our dramatic literature. As to knowing old John Clarke of the Park——well, well.

The items about "Our Mary" (Taylor) are enough to make any one loquacious who remembers those days when actresses every way admirable and respectable became so "cheerful, hard-working, and easily contented" as to enter and leave the theatre by a flight of cellar steps from Broadway! What would some of our modern and fillagree madams say to this? "Our Mary" was so much the idol of the public, (and so exalted in the estimation of all who really had the honor of domestic acquaintance,) that the walls of the Jewish Synagogue opposite her mother's residence in Crosby street were frequently made to convey the chalked or penciled admiration of "15's Boys" and some other individuals who could find no better method of addressing the Rosalind of their hearts. Mrs. Thmm lived in Elm street during those days, and these avenues then had a "cheerful, hard-working, and easily contented" population, very different from the meretricious and equivocal getility now abounding in those neighborhoods.

Our Atlantic cities are full of that kind of professional gentility which stickles about trifles, losing sight of a proper devotion to art and a proper submission to public will. Theatres are just like every other institution in this country. There is no "royal road" for them here. They must (if earnest artists) know that all these matters have their rise, their emperors, their decline and fall, just as the Roman empire did. The great trouble is that most of our imported and native gentility want to be emperors from the start. They want to be either Cæsar or nothing, right off the reel. The public, finding so much pretension, take the liberty of examining their claims, and very soon the temporary puffery dies out. Hence we are right in saying that we wish there were more Mitchells and more Olympics. Their graduates,

such as Mr. Walcot, are sure to become enshrined in the hearts of the people.

Why are the Ravels always popular? Because they are not ashamed to work—"work" is the word. Their performances—under Antoine and Jerome—now at Niblo's Garden, are as much admired as ever. "Custom cannot stale their infinite variety."

Speaking of Niblo's Garden reminds us that Miss Caroline Richings is to revive the Italian Opera Company this week with her charming voice and presence.

Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D. D., may now expect to find out what sort of a chance common sense and fair dealing have among those who oppose theatres they know not why.

Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison take their farewell of Brooklyn audiences on Thursday, the 30th of April. The last appearance of the Pyne and Harrison Troupe in America takes place at Burton's Theatre on Friday, the 1st of May. It is an afternoon performance, in aid of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund of the New York Fire Department, and is highly honorable to all concerned.

Next Monday evening (4th) the regiments of friends who admire Mr. Lester will muster at Wallack's Theatre, where a delightful evening is sure to take place, especially if the gentlemen and the box-bookkeepers remember the usher's whisper, "*Place aux Dames.*" Beauty and talent are admirable looking-glasses for each other.

At the Bowery, Mr. R. Johnston has succeeded in making the business much better, in front as well as on the stage.

There is a queer kind of "Happy Family" at the Museum, and the National threatens to do the spectacular after getting the walls whitewashed. Both places have flags, but we cannot say whether put up by auctioneers.

Bryant's Minstrels continue to "knock" their audiences in the style of the spiritual rappings. Their music is very pleasing, their jokes will bear repeating, and their dancing cannot be beaten. Take the little folks and the good friends up to Mechanics' Hall, and then say if we are correct or not.

Mrs. McMahon is coming to a better understanding with the public since her admirable exposure of those critics who can "make or break" (in their estimation) the "g-r-e-a-t-e-s-t performers ever seen" in one week and sometimes (as they think) in one day.

That English tenor has not yet arrived at Wallack's. Why don't he "come along?"

Henry Wood is the prime mover of the new theatre project on Haughwout's old stand in Broadway. George Wood has quite enough projects already.

NATIONAL SUMMARY.

Miss Alice Mann, a niece of Harry Placide's, has been very successful at Mobile, where Tom used to carry his pistols in a flute case.

Detroit seems determined to give Chicago a race in more ways than one. The Metropolitan Theatre in the former city is hard to beat. Their company is spirited, and the first business is divided between Mr. W. M. Foster and Mrs. Kate Denin Ryan. Sam E. Ryan does the exuberant as comedian. Sam was formerly attached to the N. Y. Tribune, and "used to could" set an almighty string of type. Sam E. Ryan and Sammy Bowles (now of the Boston Traveller) are fair specimens of printing-office graduates.

Talking of Detroit, Nixon & Kemp's Circus lately performed there and did well, but their steam calliope burst at the first trial, and stopped the supply of that kind of music for the present.

The ubiquitous Old Sol Smith, ex-manager and now millionaire, has been writing to the New Orleans Picayune a lengthy critical letter, to prove that having portraits of the two kings of Denmark actually on the stage, in the closet scene in Hamlet, is an absurdity. His arguments are cogent, full of sound common sense, and satisfactorily support the position he has taken on the subject. We have not seen the article, but it is a somewhat singular "coincidence between great minds" that we gave an editorial dissertation on this subject a few weeks since. We have had too many raw oysters in the half shell with Old Sol to suppose that he would help himself to a neighbor's dish. Perhaps the "old 'un" would send a copy of that article to an old associate as freely as he formerly sent Bininger's champagne when he purchased the "Mobile Daily Advertiser" twenty years ago? We pause for a reply.

Memphis has been able to retain the English Opera Troupe with much popularity. Miss Rosalie Durand, Miss Georgiana Hodson, and others, are the principal attractions.

Miss Kimberly is very successful in Rhode Island as well as Massachusetts.

Mr Edwin Booth has made another very favorable impression upon a Boston audience, and promises well to sustain his father's noble reputation. His original abilities are good, and his progress is admirable; but his outside people must beware of blowing too loud a blast, for the public will not heed such blowers, and independent journals will not submit to anonymous or any other kind of dictation.

The Albany Theatre opens for a Spring season on the 4th of May.

We are glad to see the Worcester Theatre succeed so well, and Polly Hill such a favorite.

The National Theatre in Boston tells the extraordinary, the whole extraordinary, and nothing but the extraordinary.

Lola Montez has been waking up snakes and various things in Cincinnati. She followed James Anderson and Miss Elsworthy at Bates's. The first night she got some hissing, but made her usual appeal to "the liberal American public," and order was somewhat restored. On a subsequent occasion the following incident occurred, and we had better let the "Cincinnati Commercial" speak for us:—"At the National, last evening, during the play of Margot, the Poultry Dealer, Lola Montez personating the character of Margot, a proceeding 'most foul' took place upon the stage that excited the sensibilities of the audience, and a universal cacklinary indulgence was the consequence. Two of Margot's feathery flock of Shanghais evidenced such an affection for each other, being of the different sexes, as for the nonce to stop the performance. The boys in the gallery cheered vociferously, whilst the pit shouted with one stentorian lung that made the walls of old Drury quake. The Shanghai rooster shook his feathers and strode the stage like a thing of life, but feeling *not*, in the language of the 'poick,' '*like one who treads alone.*'"

Talking of Lola makes us think of the Louisville Theatre and Mr. Bradley. The former will close in a few days for a short recess, and Mr. Bradley goes to Rice's Theatre in Chicago, where Mr. B. will do the venerable, as he used to do at Burton's.

Miss Davenport is now at the People's, in Cincinnati, and the Kellers are to follow.

The Leightons and Mr. Tilton are engaged at the People's, in St. Louis.

Wood & McVicker will retain most of George Wood's former company.

Mr. Hackett is going in for a farmer's life on the line of the Illinois Central Railroad.

Mr. Proctor is in Cleveland.

The Paunceforts are in Mobile.

Miss Anna Cruise (Mrs. Cowell) is to have a benefit at the Arch, in Philadelphia, next Thursday (30th April.) We trust that so good an actress will not be forgotten by her numerous friends.

Sanford's Opera Troupe are on a time (against time, we suspect) all around the lot, from here to yonder and Philadelphia to Quebec. They were in Newark on the 28th, and will be in Springfield, among other Massachusetts towns, on their way north to Canada, where, no doubt, Cool White will cool off in the warm weather. Perhaps we shall have them in this city on their return. Look out for them, and be sure to witness their capital performances.

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

A new theatre is building at Halifax, Nova Scotia, for Mr. Sothern, now at Wallack's, and will shortly be opened, with Mr. Dyott as stage manager.

J. B. Roberts has "arriv" in England, but we believe that the old island is safely at anchor, notwithstanding the tremendous splurge his puffing advisers are trying to make.

The Wallers are "i' the north," upon a tour of engagements.

The New Allied Metropolitan Dramatic Company commenced operations on Easter Monday at Southampton.

Madame Ristori is to give fifteen performances at the Lyceum in London for Mr. Gye, commencing the first week in June.

Her Majesty's Theatre and the Lyceum both opened on Easter Tuesday. Both had "La Favorita," and Her Majesty's had "Esmeralda" for the ballet.

The Easter holidays have been merrily observed with attractive spectacles at most of the London houses.

The Oxford Dramatic Club have made up amateur exhibitions at the St. James's, and the Camp Theatre at Aldershot is much enjoyed by the Queen and other guests whom the officers invite.

Poor Adam Leffler could not be buried before he was assailed with the usual amount of cold-water slander.

"An Unrehearsed Scene" took place at Plymouth during one of the performances of the National English Opera Company, which proved to the public how carelessly rehearsals are frequently conducted. The conclusion was "that any more differences they may have to settle may be done in private." This is our opinion, exactly.

Charles Dickens made a speech at the British Dramatic Fund Dinner in London, April 6th, and the collection taken up amounted to £470.

Mr. Murdoch's last remittance from England is said to have been $6500. His health is not good just now, and Dr. Wilson has sent him into Wales.

Barney Williams and wife are at Edinburgh.

Toole, the light comedian at the London Lyceum, talks of coming out here.

William Bodham Donne has been appointed to succeed John M. Kemble as Examiner of Plays.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

PIGEON SHOOTING CHALLENGE.—Abm. C. Beatty will match Mr. Taylor, of Jersey City, for $100 a side—1-oz. of shot—to shoot at Sanford's, Red House, Harlem. Money ready at the corner of Jay and Prospect-streets, Brooklyn.

WHAT'S THE REASON.—A pigeon shooting match was to have taken place at Jersey City on the 24th and 25th inst., between Mr. Taylor, of Jersey City, and Mr. Weeber, of California, for $500; but, from some reason or other, unknown to us, the shooting did not come off. Where lies the fault?

MATCH BETWEEN TAYLOR AND SANDFORD.—A shooting match between John Taylor, of Jersey City, and Oscar Sandford, of Newark, for $100, came off on Friday, the 24th of April, at the old ball ground, in Jersey City, at 21 birds each, 21yds. rise, 80yds. fall, 1oz. shot, the gun to be held on the hip, and to trap each other's birds. Mr. Andrews, of N. Y., acted as Judge for Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Beatty, of Bedford, for Mr. Sandford.

Mr Taylor missed his 1st, 8th, 10th and 19th birds; his 22d bird he hit hard, but it flew about and finally fell dead in 73yds., and Mr. Beatty called it a lost bird. After a good deal of talk, which at one time threatened to break up the match, Mr. Taylor gave up the bird as lost, which so vexed Mr. Beatty that he resigned, whereupon Mr. D. Gowe was appointed in his place. I hope I may never see such wrangling again. The following is the summary:

Mr. J. Taylor...0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1—20
Mr. O. Sandford.1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1—17

JERSEY BLUE.

CHALLENGE.—Mr. Taylor and Mr. Tomlison are now ready to make a match with any two men in the United States, for $500 a-side, or less, at 25 birds each, 21yds. rise, 80yds. fall, 1¼oz. or 1⅛oz. of shot, the gun to be held according to the rules of shooting. The match can be made at the Darcy House, Jersey City, at any time, or Mr. Taylor would like to shoot with any single man with the above conditions, for whatever sum the parties may agree upon.

JOHN TAYLOR,
JAMES TOMLISON.

THE TURF.

THE TURF.—There has been little doing on the turf in this vicinity since our last. The following is a summary of two events:

UNION COURSE, L. I.—Trotting, Wednesday, April 22—Purse, $500; mile heats; best 3 in 5, harness:

Mr. Hoagland's b. m.	1	1	1
S. McLaughlin's b. g. General Darcy	3	2	2
H. Woodruff's s. g. Ariel	2	3	dr.

Time, 2:39; 2:35; 2:36.

MONDAY, April 27—Trotting—Purse and Stake $175: mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness:

D. Piffer's b. m. Belle of Portland	1	1	1
S. McLaughlin's b. g. General Darcy	2	2	dr.
H. Woodruff's g. m.	3	dis.	

Time, 2:36; 2:36.

Betting, $100 to $70 on the grey mare against the field. After the trot, the owner of the winner offered to match her in harness, against Flora Temple or Lancet, to wagon, for $5,000 or $10,000, or against any other horse, even.

The winners in both of the above matches, are new aspirants for fame, and their time shows at once that they are bound to create some excitement in the sporting world.

P. S. We have just learned that these two "new comers" have been matched, and that the trot will take place on the Union Course, L. I., on Monday afternoon next. There will be some sharp work, if the track proves in good order.

PHILADELPHIA.—A trot was set down for Tuesday last, to take place at the Oxford Park, between the Philadelphia horse George Magee, and Hap Hazard, of New York. They call it a trial of speed.

UNION COURSE RACES, NEW ORLEANS.

From the Picayune.

FIRST DAY.—The opening day of the meeting over the Union Course was inauspicious, from the circumstance of but two of the nags in the race starting, and this fact being generally known in town: of course, the attendance was limited. The race was a sweepstakes for two-year-olds, mile heats. There were originally five nominations, which, at the start, were narrowed down to *Eliza Logan*, the favorite one hundred to twenty, and *Portland*.

The "knowing ones" took the odds on this occasion, and gave the other side a lesson not easily to be forgotten. The race was won easily by Portland in two heats, and without any apparent effort. We append a

SUMMARY.

Tuesday, April 14.—A sweepstakes for two-year-olds; three-year-old weights. Supscription $300. Forfeit $100—$100 added. Mile heats:

Col. A. M. Sprague's b. c. Portland, by imp. Sovereign out of Folly	1	1	
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. Eliza Logan, by Frosty, dam by Ruffin	2	2	
Gen. Th. J. Wells's gr. c. Calvit, by imp. Yorkshire, out of Reel	pd.	ft.	
Also, ch. f. Annie Laurie, by imp. Yorkshire, out of Judith	pd.	ft.	

Time, 1:49¾; 1:50.

SECOND DAY.—One of the most exciting and spirited contests that has been witnessed in a long time, came off yesterday over the Union Course, and gave unfeigned gratification to the numerous spectators who witnessed it. The race was for the purse, two mile heats, bringing together *Viley*, *Billy Atwood*, and *Black Cloud;* the first named the favorite against the field, at about 100 to 80. In the

First Heat.—Viley took the lead, with Black Cloud in waiting at a slow pace, Billy Atwood in the rear, and in these positions they ended the first mile, neither of the nags appearing to make an effort. On the back stretch of the second mile, Billy, who had allowed the others to make a considerable gap upon him, gradually closed the distance between himself and Black Cloud, and passing him, made play to reach the leader. A desperate though ineffectual struggle in the home stretch shewed too plainly that he was too far behind when he started to make his run, and Viley came to the stand an easy winner, in 3:50¼.

The result of the heat made Viley a much greater favorite than before, and the odds were increased in his favor 100 to 30 before starting for the

Second Heat.—At the tap, the two dashed off at a rapid pace, (the Cloud in the rear, and at each instant his position getting no better very fast, until at the close of the heat he was badly distanced.) The tactics for Billy to win underwent a very material change. "Wait and win" was no longer the order of the day, and a more determined effort to regain the lead by Viley, and a still more determined effort of Billy Atwood to obtain it, is rarely to be met among racing events. For a mile and a half they were dead locked, and each apparently doing his best. Upon rounding the turn, after passing the half mile, Billy showed in the lead, and maintained that position until the close of the heat, which was run in 3:44¼—to the evident satisfaction of the odds takers.

The third heat, Billy won handily, although Billy Rash rode him in the hope of pulling the race and money, as it were, out of the fire. Billy Atwood got the lead on the back stretch of the first mile, and went on his way rejoicing to the close of the race, winning by a few lengths in 3:53¼. The whole in explained at a glance by the

SUMMARY.

WEDNESDAY, *April* 15.—Purse, $300. Two mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. c. Billy Atwood, by imp. Sovereign, out of Betsey Coody, 3 years old	2	1	1
Webb Ross's b. c. Viley, by Grey Eagle, out of Blinkey, by Muckle John, 3 years old	1	2	2
J. M. Imlay's br. c. Black Cloud, by Wagner, dam by imp. Hedgford, 5 years old	3	dist.	

TIME.

1st Heat.	2d Heat.	3d Heat.
1st mile....1:58	1:50	1:56¼
2d mile....1:52¼	1:54¼	1:57¼
3:50¼	3:44¼	3:53¾

THIRD DAY.—The race at the Union Course yesterday was a match for $150, mile heats, between Col. Sprague's filly Avis and Col. Bingaman's colt, by Sovereign, dam Lucy Dashwood. There was much sporting on the result, the Sovereign colt being the favorite at two to one before starting.

Avis won the first heat, taking the lead at the start and keeping it, the colt lapping her at one time, in the last turn. Time, 1:50.

Avis led in the second heat, and kept the lead to the last turn, when colt passed her and won the heat in 1:49.

On the final result, five to one on the colt went begging. This time an even start was made. A blanket would have covered the animals to the back stretch. Entering the last turn the colt showed his nose ahead, and when he reached the judges' stand he was three lengths ahead. Time, 1:57.

SUMMARY.

UNION COURSE, N. O., Thursday, April 16, 1857.—Purse, $150; Mile heats:

Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. c., by Sovereign, dam Lucy Dashwood	2	1	1
Col. A. M. Sprague's br. f. Avis, by imp. Sovereign, dam Thrush, 2 years old	1	2	2

Time, 1:50; 1:49; 1:57.

From the New Orleans papers we infer that the above meeting terminated abruptly, and that the remainder of the programme would come off at the subsequent races over the Prud'homme Course at Natchitoches.

HAND-BALL CHALLENGE.—Richard Joseph Toner and Dennis Daly will play any two persons in Brooklyn, at Hand-ball, for from $20 to $50 a side. To play at the Ball Court on the corner of Court-street and Hamilton Avenue, Brooklyn, where the match can be made at any time, or a day for meeting may be appointed through the columns of the CLIPPER.

☞ Communication from "God-Forsaken" unavoidably crowded out, will appear in our next.

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THE SEA-HARE.

FROM OLD GERMAN.

Nine Swabians went across the land,
A thorn-hedge for to enter;
Then Jockel came to a still stand,
He scented an adventure.

A hare lay sleeping in the grass,
His ears all pricked up duly,
His eyes wide open, stiff as glass—
The sight was dreadful, truly!

Had each one had a gun, belike,
Each had been first to fire;
But all the nine had just one pike—
Who'd rouse the monster's ire?

A council of war they then did hold,
And soon a vote was taken,
That all the nine with onset bold,
The frightful beast should waken.

So by their Swabian pike the nine
Stood, each behind his brother;
Thou, Jockel, surely head'st the line,
Said one unto another.

You long-eared dunce, you go ahead!
The foremost then did speak him;
I must stand forth behind, he said,
I shove, you only stick him!

Wert thou in front, the foremost said,
Thou wouldst not prate, my fellow;
You long-ears, you, come step ahead,
'Tis a hard place I tell o.

The noise they made awoke the hare,
And to the wood flew off he;
The Swabian league away did bear
His banner as a trophy.

A golden bridge to build their foe,
For flight they too were minded,
And sought a river to and fro,
Long time, but could not find it.

But on their way a lake they spied,
At which they greatly trembled,
For in the grass, by the roadside,
A frog sate, undissembled.

Who, as he sate there, quacked and said,
With louder voice and clearer,
Wed-wed, wed-wed, wed-wed, wed-wed,
Which made—O fatal error!—

Long-Ears believe the spirit's voice
Called: Wade, wade! come wade over!
So in he popped, and in a trice
The choking waves him cover.

His straw-hat floated on the tide,
Then wondering, all the others,
"He's walking through the water," cried,
"Up to his hat! look, brothers!"

The frog began again, wed-wed!
Then Jockel: "Past debating,
He calls us all his path to tread,
What need of longer waiting?

"No council of war need now we call,
And nothing now impedes us
From jumping overboard, one and all,
Where yet the plain path leads us."

Thus by a frog nine Swabians fall,
Whom first a hare defeated,
And ever since the Swabians all
Both frogs and hares have hated.

C. T. B.

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THE SURPRISE OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

To cut a supply of wood for a whaling cruise is a work requiring some days, and often even weeks, and it had been determined that the first, and if need be, the next day likewise, should be devoted to the thorough inspection of the facilities of the place, in order that we might work at as little disadvantage as possible.

Consequently, we, the mate's boat's crew, had been orderen to prepare for a general cruise. We provided ourselves with a store of bread and beef, filled the boat's breaker with water, spread our sail to the light breeze, and pointed the boat's bow towards the nearest island. Landing here, we found nought but a wilderness of low jungle, which was scarcely penetrable, together with a poor landing. We examined three or four of the islets, and having at last fixed upon a suitable place where to commence operations, were about to return on board, when the mate said,

"Trim aft, Tom, there's a good breeze, fair coming and going, and we'll take a look at the mainland." Accordingly, the boat's head was laid shoreward, and we spread ourselves out at full length upon the thwarts, enjoying an unusual treat of some cigars which our chief officer had good naturedly brought with him.

When within about a mile and a half of the main land, we found the water shoaling, being then not more than three fathoms—eighteen feet—deep.

"I saw black skin glisten in the sun just then," said the boatsteerer, who was aft, the mate having stretched himself upon the bow thwart to take a nap.

"It was nothing but a puffing pig," said he drowsily.

"There it is again, and no puffing pig either—nor—no," said he with some degree of animation—"nor anything else that wears black skin that I ever saw before."

This had the effect of rousing us up, every one casting his eyes ahead to catch a sight of the questionable "black skin."

"There he blows!"—"and there again!"—"and over here too," said several voices in succession.

"It ain't a spout at all, boys; let's pull up and see what it is!"

We took out our oars, and the boat was soon darting forforward at good speed toward the place where we had last seen the object of our curiosity.

"Stern all!" suddenly shouted the mate, as the boat brought up "all standing" against some object which we had not been able to see on account of the murkiness of the water, the collision nearly throwing us upon our backs into the bottom of the boat. As we backed off, an enormous beast slowly raised his head above the water, gave a loud snort, and incontinently dove down again, almost before we could get a fair look at it.

"What is it?" was now the question—which no one could answer.

"Whatever it is," said the mate, whose whaling blood was up, "if it comes within the reach of my iron, I'll make fast to it, lads—so pull ahead." We were again under headway, keeping a bright look out for the re-appearance of the stranger.

"There they are, a whole school," said the mate, eagerly pointing in shore, where the glistening of white water showed that a number of the nondescripts were evidently enjoying themselves. "Now, boys, pull hard, and we'll soon try their mettle."

"There's something broke water, just ahead," said the boatsteerer.

"Pull easy, lads—I see him—there—way enough—there's his back!"

"Stern all!" shouted he, as he darted his iron into a back as broad as a small sperm whale's.

"Stern all—back water—back water, every man!" and the infuriated beast made desperate lungs in every direction, making the white water fly almost equal to a whale.

We could now see the whole shape of the creature, as in his agony and surprise, he raised himself high above the surface. We all recognized at once the Hippopotamus, as he is represented in books of natural history.

Our subject soon got a little cooler, and giving a savage roar, bent his head round until he grasped the shank of the iron between his teeth. With one jerk he drew it out of his bleeding quarter, and shaking it savagely, dove down to the bottom. The water was here but about two fathoms deep, and we could see the direction in which he was travelling along the bottom, by a line of blood, as well as by the air bubbles which rose to the surface as he breathed.

"Give me another iron, Charley, and we'll not give him a chance to pull it out next time."

The iron was handed up, and we slowly sailed in the direction which our prize was following along the bottom.

"Here's two or three astern of us," said the boatsteerer.

Just then two more rose, one on either side of the boat; and in rather unpleasant proximity, and before we had begun to realize our situation, the wounded beast, unable any longer to stay beneath the surface, came up to breathe just ahead.

"Pull ahead a little; let's get out of this snarl. Lay the boat around—so—now, stern all," and the iron was planted deep in the neck of our victim. With a roar louder than a dozen of the wild bulls of Madagascar, the now maddened beast made for the boat.

"Back water!—back, I say! Take down this boat sail, and stern all! Stern, for your lives, men!" as two more appeared by the bows evidently prepared to assist their comrade. He was making the water fly in all directions, and having failed to reach the boat, was now vainly essaying to grasp the iron, which the mate had purposely put into his short neck, so close to his head that he could not get it in his mouth.

"Stick out line till we get clear of the school, and then we'll pull up on the other side of this fellow, and soon settle him with a lance."

This was done, and as we again hauled upon the still furious beast, the mate poised his bright lance for a moment, then sent it deep into his heart. With a tremendous roar, and a desperate final struggle, of scarcely a minute's duration, our prize gave up the ghost, and after sinking for a moment, rose again to the surface, lying upon his side, just as does the whale when dead.

His companions had left us, and we now, giving three cheers for our victory, towed the carcass to the not far distant shore. When we here viewed the giant, and thought of the singular agility he had displayed in the water, we could not help acknowledging to one another, that to get among a school of Hippopotamus would be rather a desperate game.—[Nordhoff's Whaling and Fishing.

AN ADVENTURE.

A young man residing near Bangor, in Maine, was returning lately from a visit to his lady love. His path lay through woodland. from which, except a few straggling pines, the trees had been cut down and were lying on the ground. He skipped over the logs and stumps with light foot and lighter heart. His fair mistress had received him kindly. Suddenly, on leaning over a fallen tree, he found himself within a few feet of a ravenous bear. He sprang to the nearest pine and climbed up, the bear clambering after him. Making good use of his feet, he dashed his antagonist to the ground. The bear returned and was again repulsed, carrying with him one of our hero's boots. Bruin ascended a third time and with more caution. The young man, hoping to escape, ascended the tree about fifty feet, and as the bear approached him, attempted to shake him off, but in vain, as his foot was held by the paws of the infuriate animal, who had lost his hold of the tree, and hung suspended by the poor lover's leg. The young man's strength becoming exhausted, he let go his hold on the tree and down they went with a tremendous concussion to the ground. Our hero struck on the bear and rebounded eight or ten feet distant. Scarcely knowing whether he was dead or alive, he raised himself on his arm and discovered Bruin gazing wildly at him, and evidently dumbfounded by such lofty tumbling.

The affrighted pair sat eyeing each other for some time, when the bear, who was the more severely bruised of the two, showing no signs of fight, the young man rose and fled, leaving his hat and the boot behind him, his friend of the shaggy coat casting at him an expressive look, accompanied by a growl and a shake of the head, which convinced our hero that had it been possible it would have been a shake of the paw. The young lover soon recovered from his bruises, and the fair damsel, who had been the indirect cause of the adventure which had placed his life in such immediate peril, poured balsam on his wounds and made his heart whole, by naming "an early day."

YARKUND PONY, AND TARTAR RIDER.

Our characteristic sketch, from a work on Cashmere, shows a Tartar of Ladak, mounted upon a Yarkund pony, the usual mode of journeying through those mountainous districts. In addition to the long-haired bull, and the kisang, or Thibetian zebra, with horses and other animals of common species, Ladak produces the celebrated shawl-goat yielding that curly, soft, and beautiful material which the well-known Cashmere shawl is made of.

GOING TO SEE THE RACES.

"Well, Harry, when do you start for England?"

"I think of leaving the ensuing week. Anything I can do for you?"

"I was just thinking that as the "Governor" is going over, which puts a veto on my fun, you might "lay" a few thousands for me on our little Pryor; and if I *win*, just forward the "rocks" to me at your earliest convenience. If Pryor *loses*, however, the "old man" will settle the account for me! You understand how to manage it, eh?"

"All right, my boy—you shant be the loser, no how. If the old 'uns *will* mix into these sort of things, why let 'em stand an extra shot or two for the benefit of the young folks at home!"

"That's the doctrine—let's wet up on that, with three times three for the success of the American stud in England."

A CAVEAT TO RHYMESTERS.

We have a few words to say, in a very familiar way, to a class that's exceedingly numerous, if indeed they will humor us; and since we seek only their good, they certainly should! We mean, as our title will clearly exhibit 'em, the class of young writers who scribble *ad libitum*, and not contented with wasting good paper, mistake, for the genuine afflatus, mere vapor; and instead of putting their rhymes in the fire, to put them in print is what they desire. No doubt these young rhymesters honestly think that they are permitted at pleasure to drink from the pure fount of Castaly, and thenceforward hastily their pitchers to bring, back from the spring, to pour out their treasure without any measure, and trusting hope that their name will be linked, in the future, to Fame.

Now we have a strange sort of suspicion that these writers mistake their position, and that, so far from drinking at Castaly's fountain, or climbing the mountain, Parnassus, we fear, it is true—they have never been near it. The *ars divina* is not so free that every one at will can be a master of the tuneful string and all around the witchery fling, of poetry No! no! Sir-ree! Remember what old Horace writ. *Poeta nascitur non fit;* and if the herd of poetasters—more fitly written paper wasters—are sons and daughters of Apollo, that deity beats Malthus hollow, for all their tribe could not be numbered, in all the years that Rip Van Winkle slumbered.

It is not poetry to roll the eyes, and cast them upward to the skies; then scratch a sheet of paper over with the wild ravings of a lover? Nor is it poetry to cut your lines, to six by eights and seven by nines, assume a capital to each one, and so with false show overreach one.

Since, then, the poet is a child of Nature, and few can reach his lofty stature, don't make yourselves—we won't say—by grasping what your power surpasses. If you must scribble, stick to prose, a style that everybody knows; for even nonsense without *measure*, will give some honest readers pleasure; but done in stanzas, nauseous stuff—the dullest reader cries "*Enough!*"

HOW TOM PITCHED INTO HIS BROTHER.

A good story is told of two brothers, who lived a sort of cat-and-dog life, to their neighbor's discomfort, for a good many years, but who had been at camp-meeting, were slightly converted, and both of them concluded to reform.

"Brother Tom," says one, when they had arrived at their home, "let us sit down now, and I'll tell you what we'll do."

"Well," said brother Tom.

"You tell me all my faults, and I'll tell you of yourn, and so we shall know how to go about mending them."

"Good!" says Tom.

"You begin."

"No, you, brother Joe.

"Well, in the first place, you know, Tom, you will lie."

Crack goes brother Tom's paw between brother Joe's "blinkers," and considerable of a scrimmage ensues, till, in the course of about ten minutes, neither being able to come to time, reformation was postponed *sine die*.

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

Anxious to bring one of his companions with him to England, that he might convey back to his countrymen in the interior of Africa a good report of English civilization and Christianity, Dr. Livingston made his selection. But the issue was most affecting. When this Makololo stranger reached Quillimane, he was sufficiently surprised at the marvellous novelties that there surrounded him. The sea, then tossed by a tempest, which prevented the ship-of-war awaiting Dr. Livingston's arrival from approaching the shore, filled him with amazement. And when at length the Frolic hove in sight, although the waves were still running high, they put off to her in a boat. The Makololo, of course, accompanied his friend; but as the boat rose and sunk with each billow he turned to Dr. Livingston, and with a look and tone of no ordinary excitement, not unmixed with alarm, said, "is *this* the way you go?" Though repeatedly assured that they were approaching the ship, he often renewed the question. At length they were on board, and set sail for the Mauritius. But the strain put upon the mind of this untutored African by the many novelties which, in rapid succession, filled him with wonder or fear, proved too much for his faculties; and when, on entering the harbor of St. Louis, he saw a steamer in motion, reason reeled, and, in a fit of temporary insanity, he flung himself into the sea and perished.

A FROG STORY.

One is half inclined to accept as indubitable what Elian tells us of the water snakes and frogs in Egypt. The former have, he informs us, a passionate liking for frogs, that is, for devouring and digesting them. No one knows this better than the frog; and, accordingly, when the two meet in a pond, wonderful is the cunning which ensues. Your water-snake glides up as if intentionless of evil, but our other slimy friend is quite aware of the designs of the passionless looking snake. He makes for the nearest twig, seizes it and carries it across his mouth, and then fearlessly approaches the Hydra. The latter now makes at the frog with open jaws; but the twig across the frog's mouth is much wider than the jaws of the snake, and he can by no possibility swallow the much desired frog. The latter looks down his enemy's throat from the outside, holds fast by the protecting twig and laughs. The water-snake tries again and again; he glides round his anticipated victim, but the frog always contrives to keep him in view; and the end of every attempt is that the foiled snake finds the bar carried by his anticipatory victim lying across his open jaws, and the frog once more laughing down his throat. The Hydra at length gives up in despair, and "froggy," plumping into a safe spot, where he knows his kindred are assembled, tells his exciting tale and raises a very din of croaking congratulations.

A SHOEMAKER'S REVENGE.

An amusing incident of late occured in a French village. A shoemaker, living opposite the tavern, had run up something of a bill, in slaking his thirst for alcoholics; but when reckoning day came, the knight of Crispin found himself minus the necessary funds to settle the same. Thereupon, the inexorable landlord took his coat in pledge, and politely conducted him to the door, *en chemise*, with a complaisant "good evening," and the assurance that he should have his coat again when his bill was settled. The shoemaker then retired to meditate upon more signal vengeance, which he commenced putting into execution on the following morning. His neighbor of the inn had a goodly brood of fowls, which the Crispin enticed into his shop, with throwing crumbs of bread to them. Flattered with this delicate attention, the poultry resorted every morning *en masse*, to their friend's retreat, to partake of his hospitality; when, one fine morning, the shoemaker made prisoners of the whole house of unsuspecting guests, and having plucked their feathers, sent them home with a message, that when their master returned him his coat they would receive theirs. This act of retaliation has, it is said, occasioned a law suit.

TWO VIEWS OF WOMAN.

Enthusiast—"Oh, beauteous woman!"
Spirit of Truth—"All art."
Enthusiast—"What soft bright eyes."
Spirit of Truth—"Belladonna."
Enthusiast—"What a marble brow."
Spirit of Truth—"Lily powder."
Enthusiast—"And glowing cheek."
Spirit of Truth—"Liquid Rouge."
Enthusiast—"And teeth."
Spirit of Truth—"Best mineral on gold plate."
Enthusiast—"And rounded form."
Spirit of Truth—"Cotton."
Enthusiast—"And taper waist."
Spirit of Truth—"She can scarcely breathe."
Enthusiast—"And arching instep."
Spirit of Truth—"Heels on her gaiters."
Enthusiast—"And walks as if she sailed along."
Spirit of Truth—"Which is due to hoops."

RATHER PUZZLED.

Mr. O'Flagherty undertook to tell how many were at the party. The two Crogans was one, myself was two, Mike Finn was three, and—and—who the mischief was four? Let me see (counting his fingers)—the two Crogans was one, Mike Finn was two, meself was three—and—be-dad! there was four of us; but St. Patrick couldn't tell the name of the other. Now it's meself that have it! Mike Finn was one, the two Crogans was two, meself was three—and—and-be the powers, I think there was but three of us after all.

Singular Instance of Affection in a Dog.—Charles Hueston, a man well known on the Alabama River, but the last few years a resident of California, was killed by the explosion of a steamboat near San Francisco a few months since. A noble Newfoundland dog owned by him escaped injury, and dragged the body of his master to the shore. The dog was sent home to the mother of the deceased, residing in Perry County, Alabama. On being shown a daguerreotype of his lost master, the dog immediately recognized it, and commenced licking it, and sending up the most piteous howls. Since that time he has refused all food, and moans almost constantly. When last heard from, he was in a dying condition, and is probably dead by this time. Where, in human history, can be found such an instance of devoted love, and intense grief at the loss of a loved one?

Playing Cards in Shakspeare's Time.—Cards was a favorite diversion with the higher ranks. The principal games then played are now extinct; such as "pimero," "gleek," maw," "ruff" and "knave-out-of-doors." There were games of tables, of which that called "tables" was incidental with our modern backgammon. Dice were much in use, and false dice was constantly employed by sharpers. Shakspeare's expression, "False as dicer's oaths," bears strictly on his own time. False dice were called Fulhams in the time of the Restoration, because they were made at Fulham.

"A Mean Cuss."—"Is Mr. Brown a man of means?" asked a gentleman of old Mrs. Fizzletop, referring to one of her neighbors. "Well, I reckon he ought to be," drawled out the ancient beldame, "for he's the meanest man in town."

"Where's them Shoes?"—A young lady, scolding her beau for not sending her the pair of new shoes he promised her, writes the postscript as follows: "P. S. Them shuz ort to be on hand (!) and the recklection sticks out about a feet."